

SPY

April 1992 Volume 6 Number 6

KENNEDY COVER-UP

Hasta la vista, Willie

15 MORE WILLIE SMITH
VICTIMS



JULIA ROBERTS
Up Close and
Impersonal

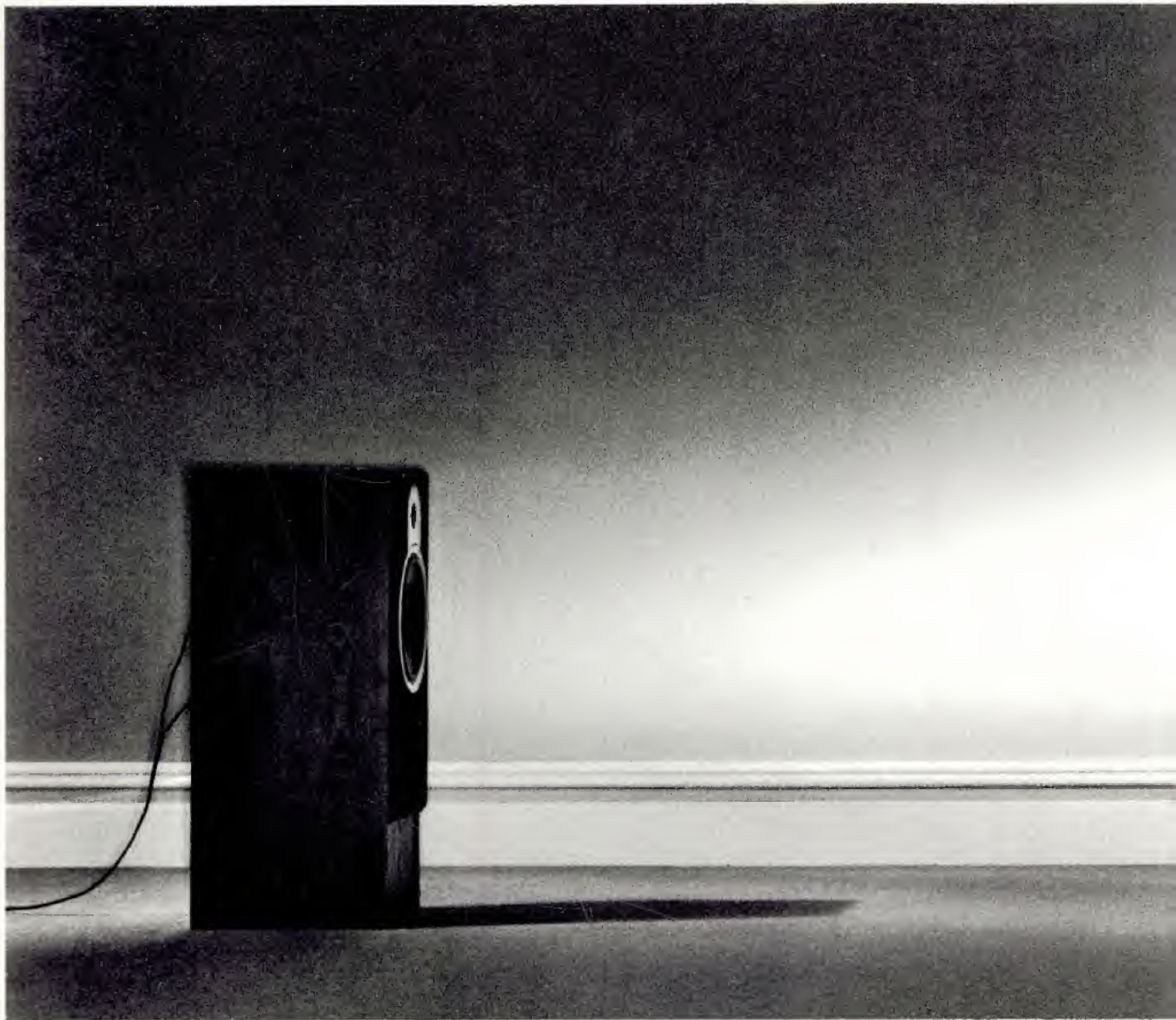
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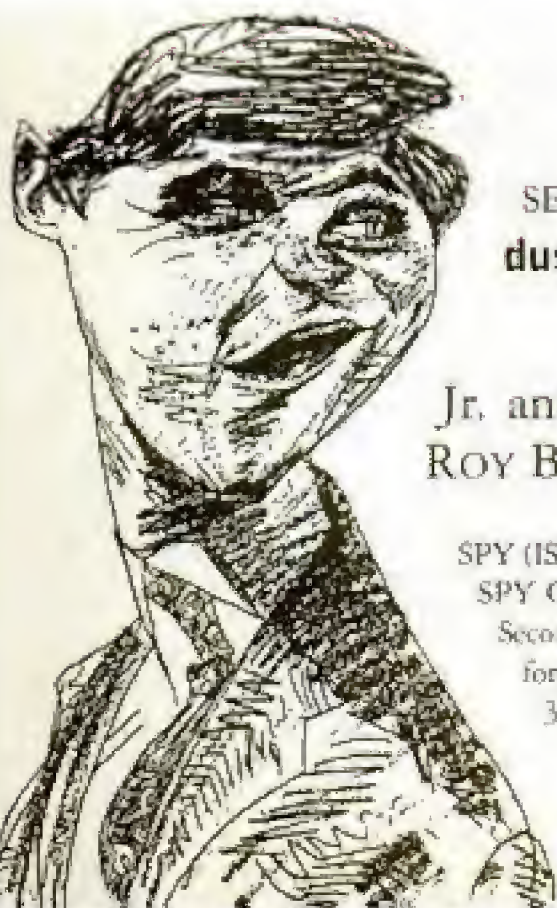
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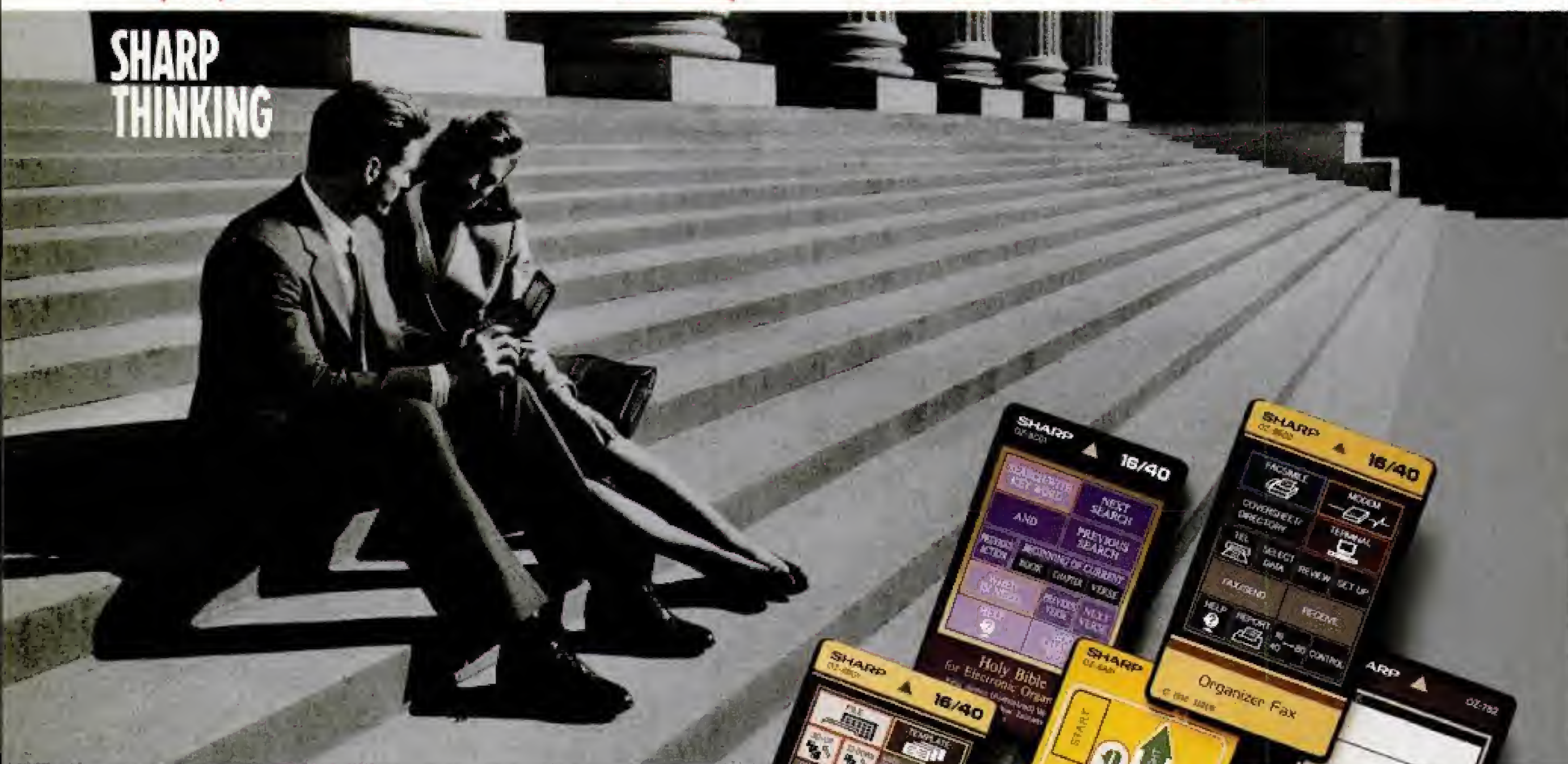
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Great Expectations

use big words."—Patrick Swayze

"There aren't many big words I don't know. But I hate people who

APRIL? ALREADY?
ALMOST A WHOLE
YEAR HAS PASSED

since *thirtysomething* wasn't renewed and Willie Smith wasn't handcuffed and Saddam Hussein wasn't eliminated and Paul Tsongas wasn't persuaded to call off his presidential candidacy. Months and months since the recession didn't end, since Donald Trump wouldn't marry Marla Maples,



April? Already?

since Mets pitcher David Cone wasn't prosecuted for rape. Lately Cone and the Mets have been arguing over how many millions of dollars he should be paid. "I wouldn't describe what we feel as disappointment," Cone said. "I don't want to use the word *impasse*," his lawyer added. Wasn't, didn't, wouldn't, don't: It's the age of the fuzzy denial, the nonoccurrence, the void.

But at this time of year, at least, we can count on certain events' actually happening: The Academy Awards will take place, *Bugsy* and *JFK* will win Oscars (so, the mob killed Ben Siegel but didn't kill Jack Kennedy, right?), and Satyajit Ray will get



a special award. "We thought of Mother Teresa [as a presenter]," says Gil Cates, the producer of the Oscar show. "What could be more perfect?" But in the end, his people never got in touch with Mother Teresa's people. If she trotted onstage with Warren and Cher, Cates decided sadly, "people would accuse us of not having the right tone." But before the month is over, trees *will* blossom, tax returns *will* be filed, baseball season *will* open, daylight saving time *will* begin, and Easter *will* be tedious. Also, we will celebrate the 47th anniversary of Hitler's death. We, in this instance, probably excludes Melanie Griffith. In the recent World War II movie *Shining Through*, Griffith played a Jewish



secretary who spies for the Allies. The role was a growing, learning experience for her. "I didn't *know* that 6 million Jews were killed," Griffith said. "That's a *lot* of people." Gosh—it sure is! And we hear that, like, the cities and stuff in Europe got, like, really, really messed up, too.

Although he murdered only 15 people, Jeffrey Dahmer has described his crimes as a "holocaust." Yet, like all celebrated people these days, Dahmer felt that the media sensationalized his case. His defense lawyer called Dahmer a "runaway train on a track of madness, picking up steam all the time, on and on and on." But when the *Weekly World News*—one of those darned supermarket tabloids, at it again!—joked that he had eaten his prison cellmate, Dahmer handed the headline to a member of his defense team and said, good-humoredly, Bill Clinton-ishly, "It's amazing what they come up with."

The Democratic presidential nomination process seems a bit like a runaway train on a track of madness, picking up steam all the time, on and on and on. Indeed, the trumped-up hunger for new candidates was, according to one anonymous Democratic leader quoted in *The Washington Post*, "a frenzy... nutso...crazy." The current candidates are not *so* awful: Does it matter that Paul Tsongas is a sanctimonious weenie (whom House Speaker Tom Foley accidentally called Senator Dukakis) and that Bill Clinton is a smarmy weasel?

Hollywood doesn't mind—Clinton became Hollywood's candidate of choice long ago. "These people," says 1988 candidate Bruce Babbitt of show business liberals, "want to be stroked personally. They are very intense about issues, and tremendously naive."

Richard Nixon, of course, is just the opposite: not very intense about issues, utterly without naïveté. He recently offered Clinton some advice on marketing Hillary. "If the wife

comes through as being too strong and too intelligent," Nixon told the *Times*, "it makes the husband look like a wimp." Pat was unavailable for comment.

So now we, as an electorate, will have to deal with the whole pussy-whipping issue. Phil Donahue, who still has time to file for the New Jersey and Alabama primaries, might be vulnerable on this score. His spouse, Marlo Thomas, would almost certainly not meet Nixon's criteria for deference. On the other hand, candidate Donahue wouldn't have any problem with the discussing-one's-sexuality-in-horrible-detail part of running for president. Marlo, Phil volunteered on a recent *Barbara Walters Special*, is "a good lover—very conscientious."

George Bush's problem is not that Barbara makes him look like a wimp—it's him. In that light, Arnold Schwarzenegger's campaign appearances on the president's behalf are all the more curious. "Of course, we don't even have to talk about the Democratic candidates, right?," Arnold said at one rally. "They all look like a bunch of *girly-men*." So: Schwarzenegger impersonated Dana Carvey's *Saturday Night Live* impersonation of him as he stood next to Bush, the subject of Carvey's most dead-on impersonation. The moment represented some new post-modern apotheosis—or maybe it was just another runaway train on a track of madness, picking up steam all the time, on and on and on.

Is Bush also buddies with Peter Max? "I work with *all* the presidents," Max said of his recent appearance with Ronald Reagan at the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library. "I have been as close to the president as I have to the hippies," the artist said of Reagan. Wow. Peter Max is one beautiful dude.

So is David Cone. "This is about more than tactics, than the mechanics of arriving at monetary figures," he says of his seven-figure Mets salary. "*It's about values and philosophies.*" And it turns out that Bill Cosby, a man we had always understood to be a meanspirited, money-obsessed crank, is also a val-

ues-and-philosophies man: The reason he has become a game-show producer, starring in a revived *You Bet Your Life*, is not to earn hundreds of millions of dollars but to uplift TV—and, by extension, all mankind. "I don't want to turn on something with young actors who are cursing every sentence," Cosby says. "And I turn on the news, and there's a fire, there's a black man [who] raped a white girl.... There's nothing there that says there are human beings who exist

out there who are nice people." Is it just us, or does Cosby often remind you of a runaway train on a track of madness, picking up steam all the time, on and on and on?

Despite Clinton, despite Cone, despite Cosby, not every prominent person is a dissembler. Patricia Kluge may (like a certain well-muscled George Bush campaigner) be a rich former pornographic pinup and a social climber, but at least she is candid. *The Washington Post Magazine* wanted to cover one of her Virginia dinner parties; she agreed, on the condition that they spend \$2,000 to fly in her hairdresser from New York; the paper declined. Her assistant was bewildered, almost speechless. "Other magazines jump through *hoops* for Mrs. Kluge," she told *The Washington Post*. "[Mrs. Kluge] doesn't understand why yours won't." How nice: Every now and then, the steam peters out, the track of madness ends, and the runaway train stops. ☾

**Candidate
Donahue wouldn't
have a problem
with the
discussing-one's-
sexuality-in-detail
part of running
for president**

"ONE DAY MOTHER MADE US CHANGE OUR SHORTS THREE TIMES."

—Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear



Mother Gert Boyle,
Chairman


I distinctly remember thinking "Finally, something my mother can't possibly find fault with. A nice, simple pair of lightweight shorts. They don't even have a fly, for heaven's sake."

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shorts bigger and blousier. Use double pleats instead of single. She even challenged the very fabric of the shorts. "We came up with Perfecta Cloth™ to be the most comfortable and durable nylon around. Now use it!"

What can I say?

My mother's always

right. Or else.  **Columbia**
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From the SPY Mailroom



We have recently received two letters written by people who are not celebrities but whose names are similar to those of celebrities: David Lederman of Dallas writes to tell us about his travails with moose and women during a recent trip to Alaska (Lederman was forced to fend off the advances of both species); Andrew Roney of Teaneck, New Jersey, writes to say that he was not impressed by Jamie Malanowski's revelation that there is a 37-year-old working at SPY who has never seen *The Godfather* (The Fine Print, December). Roney was not impressed because he himself is 40 years old and has never seen *The Godfather*. And not only has he never seen *The Godfather*, but there are many, many other things that Andrew Roney has never seen or done. These many, many other things are all chronicled in Roney's letter; in publishing circles, this is what is called a slow read.

Some of this month's letters were written not by people whose names are similar to those of celebrities but by people who, when they see photographs of celebrities, are moved to think of other celebrities. Like Janice Byrnes of Huffman, Texas. After one look at our December cover photo of Pee-wee Herman and Clarence Thomas, Byrnes took it upon herself to use a Magic Marker to draw a fright wig on Thomas and a little mustache on Herman. *Et voilà*: Don King and Hitler. And a reader from Brooklyn, having apparently reflected at length upon the Contributors notes in the December issue, has decided that Leonard Peikoff, Ayn Rand's legal and intellectual heir, would be a good "Separated at Birth?" partner for SPY contributor Eric Burns. Noting that Rand's name and Burns's photo can be found on the very same page of the magazine (in the Contributors notes), he wonders, "Does SPY ►

Letters to SPY

Handlers That Rock the Cradle

This is to express my appreciation for your perceptive article "Mission: Impossible—The Long, Hopeless Struggle to Make America Respect Dan Quayle" [by Charlotte Allen and Charlotte Hays, December 1991].

*Chuck Nicholls
Seattle, Washington*

The point isn't that Quayle is just an "average politician"—it is that he is the vice president. And it isn't that he might be a better-than-average politician if it weren't for his handlers—it is that he needs to be handled at all. Why should he bother paying David Beckwith and William Kristol when your own reporters put such a wonderful spin on him? Is there any other way to read the Barbara Walters anecdote than that Quayle lied to the audience (Walters clearly did *not* tell them they were "doing a great job") to get out of there faster? We take for granted the cynical political currency that a candidate's or officeholder's real personality is best kept secret from the public. Quayle is stubbornly ineffective at anything except retention of the status quo; his most important political legacy will likely be that he graced a number of vitae and gave some smart guys one more opportunity to get disgustingly rich.

*Bobby Sneakers
Mankato, Minnesota
Be sure to register and vote.*

Noble Rot

Had Michael Moynihan been in touch with us ["My Kingdom for a Certified Check: How It's Possible to Become a Titled Member of European Nobility for Less Than the Price of a Hyundai," November], he would have received the enclosed

pack of brochures. Had he visited us, he would have found that this house forms part of a row of houses built in 1768. There is no fish-and-chips shop next door, or even remotely next door. Our near neighbors include the British Archaeological Association, the Imperial War Museum, numerous law offices, and flats occupied by Members of Parliament.

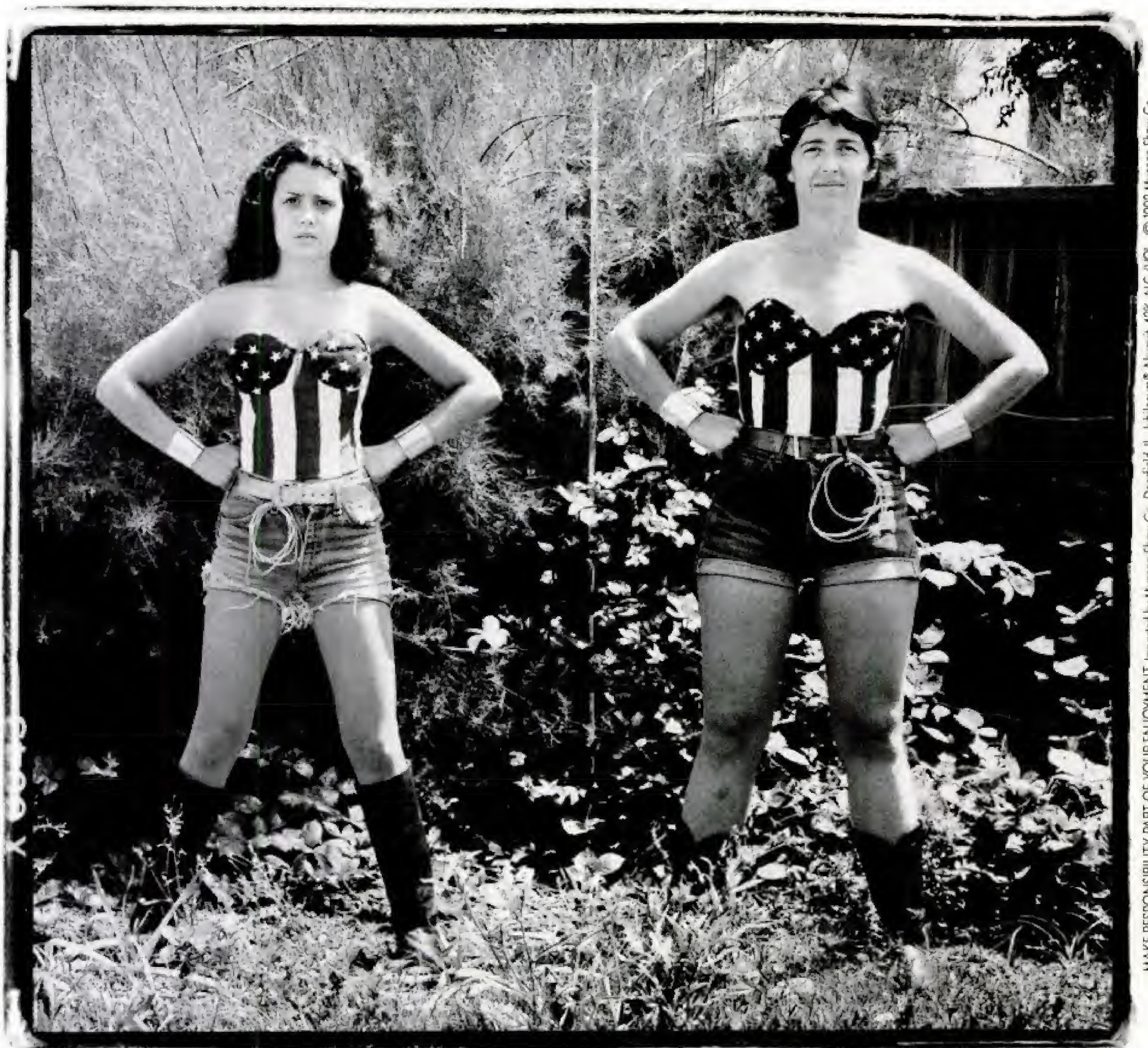
"Smith's deals leave you with nothing but a title": We never pretend otherwise, except occasionally where we have some real estate. But you wish the reader to believe we are deceiving people. The highest price ever paid for a title through us is for that of Henley-in-Arden, bought by Mr. Joe Hardy last year for £93,500. Most of the titles we offer can be had for less than £10,000. MTV and British Airways, respectively, paid two of my members £8,000 and £7,000 for the lordships they gave as prizes.

Neither I nor this Society "buys up the rights to their names," whatever that may mean. We act strictly as agents, introducing willing buyers to willing sellers, who employ British lawyers to arrange the conveyancing.

*Robert Smith
Chairman, the Manorial
Society of Great Britain
London, England*

Michael Moynihan replies, "While your street may be near London's largest cricket oval, it resembles the neighborhood around Shea Stadium more than it does the Upper East Side, where our pretentious organizations are found. I don't say you're deceiving people, only that you're a purveyor of status to those willing to pay for what amount to the emperor's new clothes."

Your article suggests the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein was a Von Sayn-Wittgenstein. This is untrue. Wittgenstein was of Jewish descent, his father having converted from Ju-



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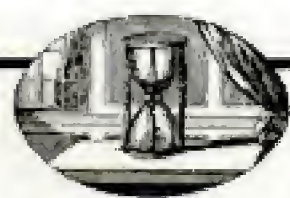
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daism to Catholicism at a young age, as, I think, at least one of the parents of his mother also did. Neither one of his parents was in any way a member of the Von Sayn-Wittgenstein line. It is, however, true that during his Cambridge years Wittgenstein purposely gave many the impression that he was of noble stock, a fact most commonly attributed to his anti-Semitism, and his concomitant embarrassment over his origins.

Thank you, however, for making graduate school suddenly seem relevant.

Jason Stanley
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Other Voices, Other Letters

According to the July 25, 1991, *Hollywood Reporter*, Brooksfilm has in development "a Japanese war crimes courtroom drama, a South African drama, a Paul Verhoeven biblical feature about Jesus Christ, a Robert Towne-directed romantic 1940s rite-of-passage film, and two comedies." In addition, Brooksfilm has released

The Fly, *The Elephant Man* and *Frances*, and Mel Brooks has directed and starred in many hilarious comedies. He doesn't need or deserve shit thrown at him by SPY ["Other People's (Very, Very Stupid People's) Money," by Joe Queenan, December].

Andrew Levine
Andrew Levine Productions
Santa Barbara, California

Joe Queenan replies, "No one in the history of American finance has ever gotten rich by purchasing stock in a company run by a man who is developing 1940s rite-of-passage films directed by Robert Towne. It's just one of the market's rules."

Right after "Disney's Hollywood Label: Flopsville, USA" [by Jeffrey Ressler, November] appeared, Freddie Mercury, the lead singer of Queen, died of AIDS. If nature follows its course, then all of Queen's records will start selling like hotcakes—making a fortune for Hollywood. I guess Michael Eisner really did know something we didn't!

Stephen M. Klein
Brooklyn, New York ➡➡

The Verdict Is Clear:

- ★★★★ — It could well be his best. — Rolling Stone
- "A stirring, brilliantly balanced album." — Houston Chronicle
- "It may be Vaughan's best album, period." — Boston Globe
- "Not just original, but eternal." — Details
- "Vaughan left a legacy worthy of his heroes." — People
- "Vaughan at his inventive best. A must." — Los Angeles Times
- ★★★★ — Guitar World
- "So good, it's spooky." — San Antonio Express-News

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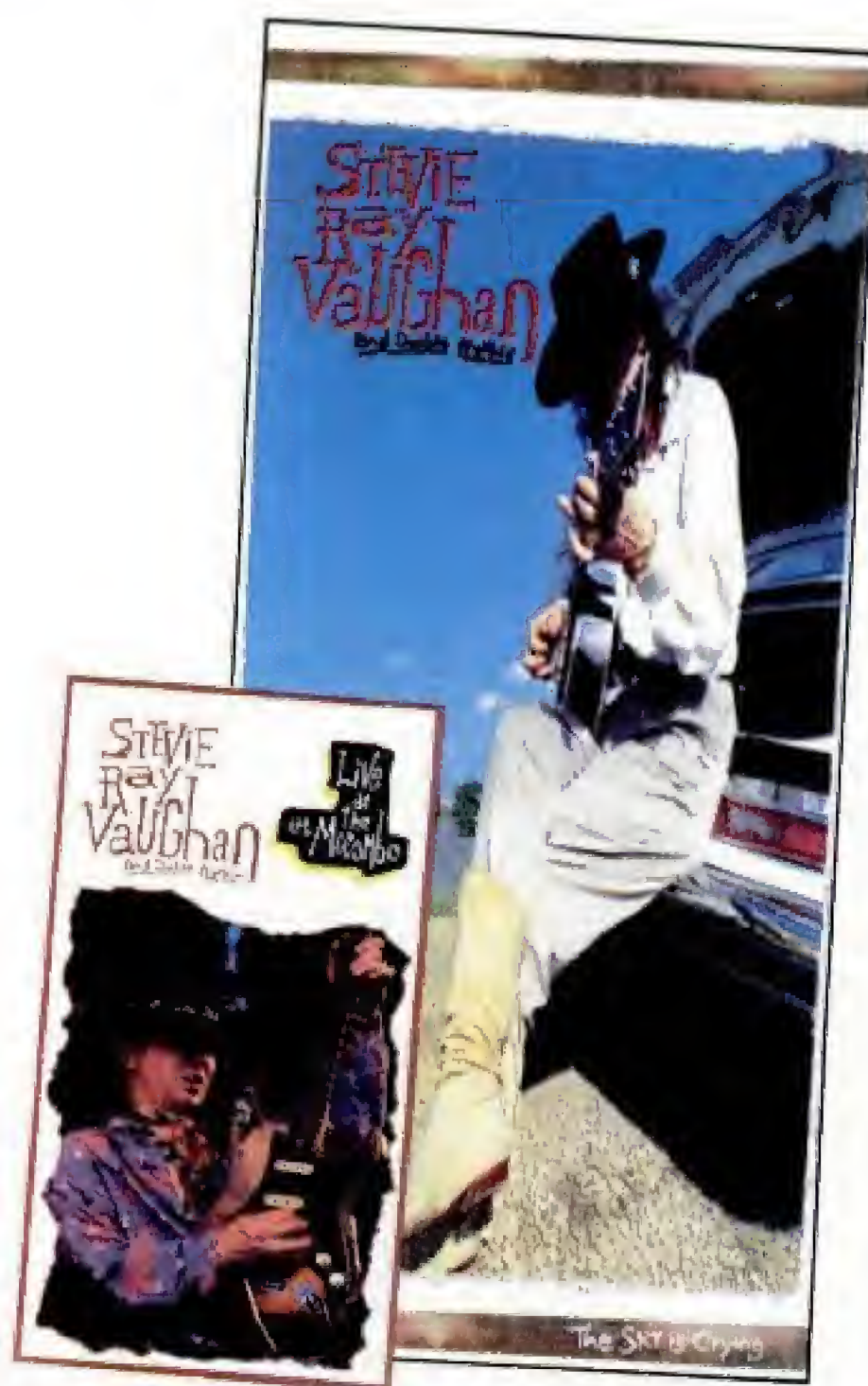
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As an employee of Sony Pictures, I couldn't help but get a chuckle out of Celia Brady's February Industry column. But how did she overlook the most obscene examples of nepotism on the lot? Not only does Wendy "Mrs. Mark Canton" Finerman have a production deal, but Lynda "Mrs. Peter" Guber and Christine "the current Mrs. Jon" Peters do as well—complete with lavishly decorated offices, development staff, etc. Neither of these women has ever produced a motion picture. They do, however, seem to marry well.

Name withheld

Culver City, California

I was experiencing a month of doldrums after the Senate's cowardly exoneration of Clarence Thomas. Your December cover of Thomas and Pee-wee Herman at the movies greatly lifted my spirits. A picture is certainly worth a thousand words (especially if the words are from Senators Hatch and Simpson). Thomas and Herman certainly seemed to be enjoying themselves; were they watching a porno movie, or a replay of John Doggett's testimony?

Barron Lerner

Seattle, Washington

Your style requires greater attention to editing than was shown in December's Review of Reviewers column. "What beaker...*bath* the writers for *The Washington Post*, etc." Oh, SPY, hast thou no diction, any to tell thee that *bath* is third person *singular*?

Donald H. Shannon


Washington, D.C.

Humphrey Greddon replies, "Pedant!"

SPY is the most impressive group achievement since the American Constitution.

Name withheld

Berkeley, California

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constitute the strengths of our society—its future, ethics, principles, and values—in order for us to create, not destroy....We can and will be victorious when individuals in business band together to meet all challenges based upon shared convictions." This all sounds very interesting, but we're afraid we'll have to decline on this one; we are fresh out of armbands.

Sima J. Braver was "shocked" when she read the "deleterious fatuity" that appeared in this column in October. You will remember Braver as the reader who made an appeal for the rights of both "the unborn and the newborn" and the purchasers of "first-quality trademark dinnerware." Braver felt that our handling of her issues resulted in "an ignominious idiom to very long hours of intense research and hard work"; she goes on to assert that the letters S-P-Y stand for "Sycophant—Perfidious—Yammers." We apologize for any personal fallout that Ms. Braver may have experienced in the dinnerware community as a result of our mention of her in the column. However, we

cannot let the voice of one lone subscriber queer our editorial mandate: Smart. Funny. Fearless. And Not Shy When It Comes to Making the Occasional Baby-on-a-Plate Joke.

Frantic Fran Lilienfeld, the 76-year-old former Borscht Belt comedienne, has been back in touch to report that Jerry Seinfeld, appearing on *Arsenio*, did "loop-de-loops" around her heart. Fran desires nothing short of marriage and procreation. She feels that a union between them would be successful because (a) both their surnames have the suffix *-feld*; (b) Jerry would benefit from Fran's "files of jokes garnered over 50 years of Borscht Belt 'insider training'"; and (c) Jerry's habit of making jokes about dry cleaners has personal resonance for Fran—Fran never changes her clothes. On a recent trip to Israel, she wore the same outfit every day of the tour. Fran also writes (we are not sure if this part is meant as another lure) that her late husband was a dentist-comedian who once drilled the teeth

of comedian Pat Cooper. In short, Jerry: a woman with a lot to offer. ☺

CORRECTION

In February's Industry column we misstated Lili Fini Zanuck's place in her husband's marital history. She is Richard Zanuck's third wife. ☺

Photographs Wanted

SPY is accepting submissions for a new Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of SPY Corporation, and may be published by SPY in any form. SPY is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. ☺

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Fear and Loathing in Hollywood

When Robert De Niro spat out the words "I want him to know that there is someone out there who hates him," he wasn't playing Max Cady, the vengeful psychopath in *Cape Fear*—he was talking to a friend about Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg. Katzenberg runs Disney's film division, of course, and his life just seems to get more and more difficult, despite the recent 43 percent rise in Disney's stock price (which enriched his boss, Mike Eisner, by \$15 million in the last two months). Talent's attitude toward Katzenberg has evolved from resentful loathing to intense, profound, searing detestation, as De Niro's comment suggests. While animated features did well in 1991—*Fantasia* earned most of the entire Disney corporation's profits for the holiday quarter—sources inside Disney say Katzenberg's live-action films lost millions last year. And the outcome of Katzenberg's attempt to shift into a new, arty-serious mode is uncertain. When Katzenberg and Eisner left Paramount to run Disney in 1984, they took over a studio best known for having made *Fantasia* and, with incredible sureness, built it into the magic market leader. Now no one thinks Disney has any special knack anymore except in animation—Eisner and Katzenberg have managed to turn it back into a studio best known for having made *Fantasia*.

The stars Disney has alienated include several who have deals with the studio—some are actually *happy* when Disney passes on a project, because it frees them to take their picture elsewhere. Tom Selleck and Goldie Hawn, who both have first-look deals with Disney, are said to be frustrated because Katzenberg has rigidly fixed notions of them: "That's not the way Jeffrey sees Goldie," will be the thumbs-down explanation. Other stars continue to be frustrated by Disney's contractual niggling and harassment. Robin Williams recorded the voice of the genie in Disney's forthcoming animated movie *Aladdin*, and the star recently described his experience

this way: "What they'll do is, at the last moment, try and make adjustments in the deal, just because they know you're in. You just have to watch every tiny detail. You'll go, 'That's not what we agreed to.' They'll always try to slip things in."

If stars are treated that way (Williams made both *Good Morning, Vietnam* and *Dead Poets Society* for Disney), imagine how Disney treats the littler people. The record producer Phil Spector spent almost \$150,000 of his own money to make a video of a song of his that Disney used in *Father of the Bride*. Disney insisted on owning the video; Spector declined and scrapped the whole thing. Then there's Disney's "organizational fascism," as the studio itself has actually described its philosophy to at

least one prospective employee. To take one illustration, after a director who was working on a TV project at Disney was overheard praising the old Warner Bros. cartoons in the Disney commissary, he received a memo telling him never to do it again. The old nickname for Disney was Mauschwitz; the

new one is Duckau.

Maybe Katzenberg doesn't mind angering famous, crowd-pleasing actors, since he doesn't want to pay them anyway. He really has become serious about cutting costs, whether small (a memo recently circulated at his behest ordering Disneyites to send out fewer copies of memos) or large. In 1990, Disney made the deals for most of the movies released in 1991—a disastrous slate, as we have noted—and agreed to pay seven stars a combined total of more than \$40 million: Bette Midler and Woody Allen (*Scenes from a Mall*), Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss (*What About Bob?*), Sylvester Stallone (*Oscar*), Kathleen Turner (*V. I. Warshawski*) and Dustin Hoffman (*Billy Bathgate*).

In all of 1991, Disney apparently made deals to pay only two stars that kind of salary: Steve Martin evidently got around \$6-million for *Father of the Bride*, and Rick Moranis is said to have been paid around \$4 million for *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid*, the sequel that will

open this summer. In 1990 the cost of Disney's movies—before you add in the cost of making prints and advertising—was \$400 million; in

1991 it was \$300 million. Half of that decrease came from cutting out big-star salaries. As a result, Disney's 1992 films star people like Dudley Moore, Carol Burnett and Dolly Parton. Can a new deal with Tim Conway be far away?

In fact, the Moore and Burnett vehicles, *Blame It on the Bellboy* and



Grumpy

**Stars with Disney deals
are happy when Katzenberg
passes on a project**

Noises Off, along with Whoopi Goldberg's forthcoming *Sister Act*, are probably the last of Disney's creaky *fun* pictures for a while, so Conway may have to wait. The official new creative mood is darker, more complex and hipper than Disney has been known for. David Hoberman, who runs Disney's Touchstone unit, thinks the American psyche has taken a morbid turn; he wants to "explore the mythology beneath *The Addams Family's* success," as an underling puts it. Several un-Disneyesque films are in production: Allan Moyle, who directed *Pump Up the Volume*, is making a picture starring Alfre Woodard and Cathy Moriarty; Emilio Estevez and Paulie Shore are starring in movies; Kenneth Branagh and Barbara Hershey are filming in Prague. Hollywood Pictures, another Disney film division, released Disney's first hit under the new bleak-and-cheap policy, *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle*. (Score one for Hoberman's bitter rival Ricardo Mestres, who was cashing in his stock options like crazy

this winter.) *The Hand That Rocks* was simply a well-timed B thriller, though, and the task of really transforming Disney from a purveyor of brassy formula comedies into a more imaginative studio will be rough. The grace and enthusiasm with which it has undertaken this effort may be summed up by this recent remark of Eisner's: "If you spend enough miserable time in a room, ideas finally start popping up."

The ideas popping up in Eisner's head these days seem to be more about theme parks (*Hey! Let's fly a planeload of reporters to Tokyo and Paris!*) than about movies, but he must occasionally contemplate a purge of Katzenberg. This wouldn't fix all of Disney's problems, but the ill will can never disappear otherwise.

It isn't just Sparky. Except for Carrie Fisher (who pocketed astounding sums for rewriting Tinker Bell's lines in *Hook* and doing a "character polish" for Whoopi in *Sister Act*), everyone out here is panicked about

his or her paycheck. Almost overnight, the number of development deals (not to mention TV pilots) has been reduced by more than half. Studios are ratcheting down stars' and producers' deals daily: \$1 million overall deals become \$250,000 first-look deals; first-look deals become bare-bones, secretary-in-a-cubicle housekeeping deals—and the people at the bottom are getting thrown off the lot. Even stars: A seven-figures-a-picture comedy lead discovered one morning recently that his deal with TriStar was kaput.

Maybe all the *I-have-no-career!* anxiety is making me soft, but a correction is in order: Two months ago in this space, I unfairly lumped Paramount's John Goldwyn in with the nepotistically fortunate of Hollywood. My take on young Goldwyn was derived from what I'm told were uncharacteristic encounters. In fact, according to highly reliable colleagues of his, Goldwyn is a smart straight-shooter. So, John, sorry—and I'll see you Monday night at Mortons. —Celia Brady

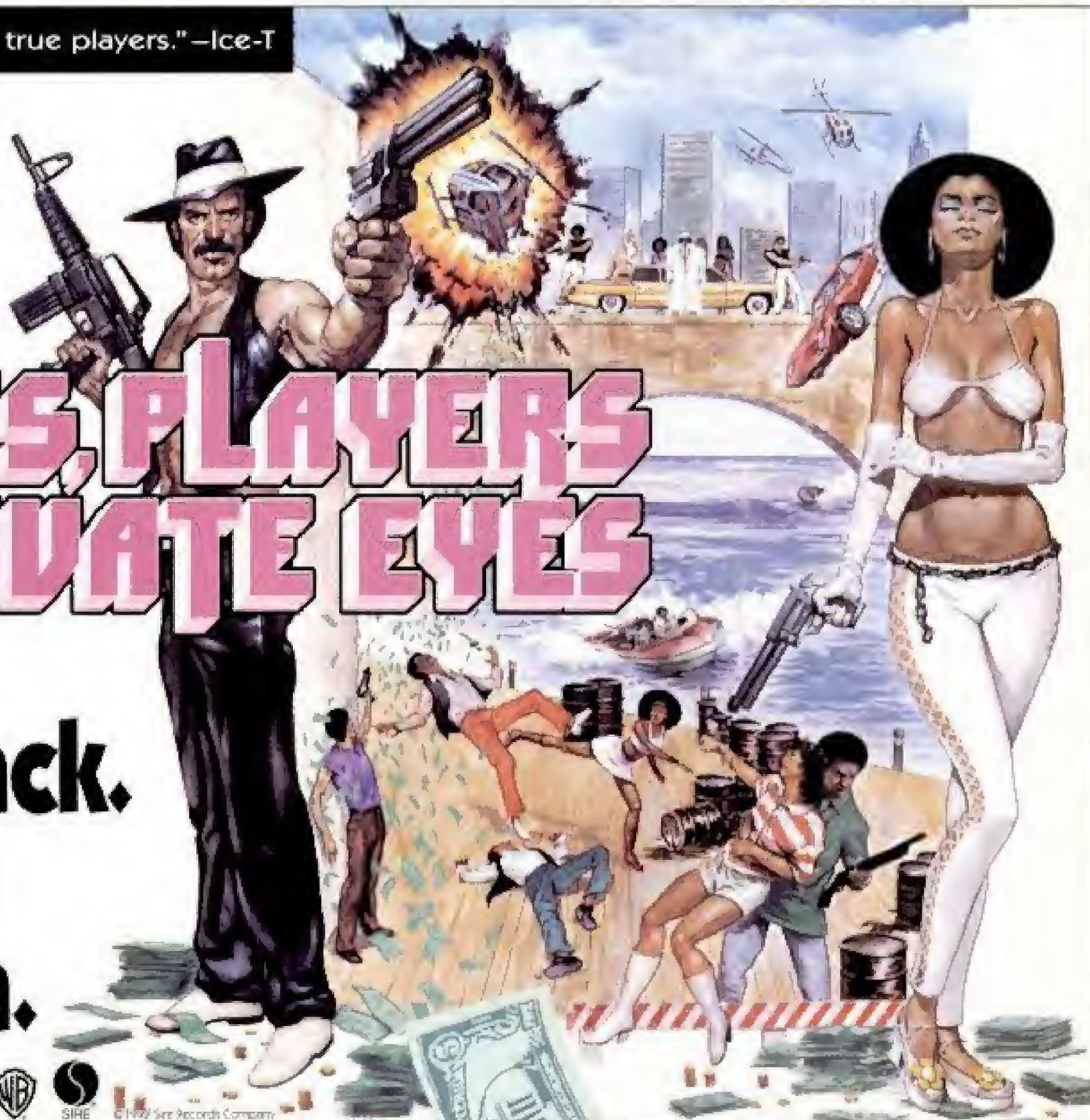
"This is mandatory listening material for all true players."—Ice-T

Ten ultrasuede tunes from the 70's "blaxploitation" movie craze, including the superfly "Pusherman" by Curtis Mayfield, "Theme From 'Shaft'" by Isaac Hayes, "Love Doctor" by Millie Jackson—and seven more platform-and-polyester classics!

PIMPS, PLAYERS & PRIVATE EYES

It ain't new, Jack.
But it's gonna
get you, sucka.

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**"I'd like
people who**

Cast your ballot now for the first annual SPY Music Awards

One day recently, a friend asked, "Why isn't rock witty anymore?" Well, we replied, it is—you just have to weed out the sentimentality, sophomore earnestness and screeching narcissism. "After that," said our friend, "what's left?"

Plenty, and here's the proof: the nominees for the SPY Music Awards.

We recently invited all of the major record companies and leading independents to nominate acts from their rosters that are—in the words of SPY's motto—smart, fun, funny and fearless. Their sense of humor could be subtle or outlandish, musical or lyrical, a matter of substance or of style. The only requirement was that each act must have released an album of new material during 1991.

After a long weekend at the Chateau Marmont—one that featured groupies, Jack Daniel's and an impromptu physics experiment involving a TV set, a swimming pool and six stories of atmosphere (well, really, after a long meeting in which one of our

older editors remembered the time Iron Butterfly played at his high school), we narrowed the list down to the names you see here. We assure you, no payola was involved. In all likelihood, that's because none was offered.

Now it's your turn: Fill out the attached ballot and mail it back to us. If someone has already removed it, fill out an index card with your choices and—on second thought, *go out and buy another issue and use the official ballot in that one.*

This is your opportunity to speak up for all that is good in the world and strike a blow against the bland pap that clogs America's airwaves. It's also your chance to win some fabulous prizes: When you send in your ballot, you're automatically entered into the SPY Music Awards Sweepstakes. The Grand Prize is a trip to the SPY Music Awards ceremony in June, where the coveted Warped Record will be bestowed upon the worthy winners.

For those about to rock, we salute you.

VOTE
TODAY TO WIN
THESE
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PRIZES:

Grand Prize

A trip for two to the SPY Music Awards ceremony in June, including a three-day, two-night stay at the Paramount Hotel

Five First Prizes

A copy of the new Spinal Tap album, *Break Like the Wind*

Ten Second Prizes

A limited-edition SPY Music Awards T-shirt

Fifty Third Prizes

A pair of SPY sunglasses

Best Singer-Songwriter

1. Billy Bragg
Don't Try This at Home (Elektra)
2. Lloyd Cole
Don't Get Weird on Me Babe (Capitol)
3. Julian Cope
Peggy Suicide (Island)

4. Elvis Costello
Mighty Like a Rose (Warner Bros.)
5. Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians
Perspex Island (A&M)
6. Joe Jackson
Laughter & Lust (Virgin)
7. Kristy MacColl
Electric Landlady (Charisma)
8. Sam Phillips
Cruel Inventions (Virgin)

9. Prince & The New Power Generation
Diamonds & Pearls (Paisley Park/Warner Bros.)
10. Jonathan Richman
Having a Party with Jonathan Richman (Rouner)
11. Matthew Sweet
Girlfriend (Zoo)
12. Richard Thompson
Rumor and Sigh (Capitol)

Best Rock Band

1. Blue Aeroplanes
Beatsongs (Chrysalis)
2. Bongwater
The Power of Pussy (Shimmy-Disc)
3. The Cramps
Look Ma, No Head! (Restless)
4. Crowded House
Woodface (Capitol)

to thank all the little voted for me...

5. **Fishbone**
The Reality of My Surroundings (Columbia)
6. **Hoodoo Gurus**
Kinky (RCA)
7. **The Pixies**
Trompe le Monde (Elektra)
8. **Primus**
Sailing the Sea of Cheese (Interscope/Atco-EastWest)
9. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**
Blood Sugar Sex Magik (Warner Bros.)
10. **Too Much Joy**
Cereal Killers (Giant)
11. **Violent Femmes**
Why Do Birds Sing? (Slash/Reprise)
12. **Young Fresh Fellows**
Electric Bird Digest (Frontier)

Best Rap Act

1. **Biz Markie**
I Need a Haircut (Warner Bros.)
2. **Cypress Hill**
Cypress Hill (Columbia)
3. **De La Soul**
De La Soul Is Dead (Tommy Boy)
4. **Del Tha Funkie Homosapien**
I Wish My Brother George Was Here (Elektra)
5. **Digital Underground**
Sons of P (Tommy Boy)
6. **DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince**
Homebase (Jive)
7. **MC 900 Ft. Jesus**
Welcome to My Dream (I.R.S.)
8. **Naughty By Nature**
Naughty By Nature (Tommy Boy)
9. **PM Dawn**
Of the Heart, Of the Soul, Of the Cross (Island)
10. **Salt-N-Pepa**
Blacks' Magic (Next Plateau)

11. **3rd Bass**
Derelicts of Dialect (Def Jam)
12. **Tone-Loc**
Cool Hand Loc (Delicious Vinyl)

Best New Artist

1. **Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine**
30 Something (Chrysalis)
2. **Crash Test Dummies**
The Ghost That Haunts Me (Arista)
3. **Cypress Hill**
Cypress Hill (Columbia)
4. **Del Tha Funkie Homosapien**
I Wish My Brother George Was Here (Elektra)
5. **Fatima Mansions**
Viva Dead Ponies (MCA)
6. **The KLF**
The White Room (Arista)
7. **Lawnmower Beth**
Ooh Crickey, It's Lawnmower Beth (Relativity)
8. **Naughty By Nature**
Naughty By Nature (Tommy Boy)

9. **Nirvana**
Nevermind (DGC)
10. **Paleface**
Paleface (Polydor)
11. **Primus**
Sailing the Sea of Cheese (Interscope/Atco-EastWest)
12. **PM Dawn**
Of the Heart, Of the Soul, Of the Cross (Island)

Best Album

1. **Billy Bragg**
Don't Try This at Home (Elektra)
2. **Julian Cope**
Peggy Suicide (Island)

3. **Elvis Costello**
Mighty Like a Rose (Warner Bros.)
4. **Del Tha Funkie Homosapien**
I Wish My Brother George Was Here (Elektra)
5. **Fishbone**
The Reality of My Surroundings (Columbia)
6. **Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians**
Perspex Island (A&M)
7. **Nirvana**
Nevermind (DGC)
8. **The Pixies**
Trompe le Monde (Elektra)
9. **Primus**
Sailing the Sea of Cheese (Interscope/Atco-EastWest)
10. **3rd Bass**
Derelicts of Dialect (Def Jam)
11. **Too Much Joy**
Cereal Killers (Giant)
12. **Violent Femmes**
Why Do Birds Sing? (Slash/Reprise)

Best Single

1. **C+C Music Factory**
"Things That Make You Go Hmm..." (Columbia)
2. **De La Soul**
"Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)" (Tommy Boy)
3. **Del Tha Funkie Homosapien**
"Mistadobalina" (Elektra)
4. **The Divinyls**
"I Touch Myself" (Virgin)
5. **LaTOUR**
"People Are Still Having Sex" (PolyGram)
6. **Naughty By Nature**
"O.P.P." (Tommy Boy)

7. **Negitivland**
"U2" (SST)
8. **Nirvana**
"Smells Like Teen Spirit" (DGC)
9. **Prince & The New Power Generation**
"Cream" (Paisley Park/Warner Bros.)
10. **Right Said Fred**
"I'm Too Sexy" (Charisma)
11. **Too Much Joy**
"Long Haired Guys from England" (Giant)
12. **Young Fresh Fellows**
"Don't Blame It on Yoko" (Frontier)

Best Video

1. **Aerosmith**
"Sweet Emotion" (Geffen)
2. **Anthrax & Public Enemy**
"Bring the Noise" (Megaforce/Island)
3. **Billy Bragg**
"Sexuality" (Elektra)
4. **C+C Music Factory**
"Things That Make You Go Hmm..." (Columbia)
5. **LL Cool J**
"Six Minutes of Pleasure" (Def Jam)
6. **Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers**
"Into the Great Wide Open" (MCA)
7. **Primus**
"Tommy the Cat" (Interscope/Atco-EastWest)
8. **Red Hot Chili Peppers**
"Give It Away" (Warner Bros.)
9. **R.E.M.**
"Shiny Happy People" (Warner Bros.)
10. **Right Said Fred**
"I'm Too Sexy" (Charisma)
11. **3rd Bass**
"Pop Goes the Weasel" (Def Jam)
12. **ZZ Top**
"Burger Man" (Warner Bros.)

Why, Mr. Tisch, I Love Bald Men!

Network news has a tradition of telegenic starlets clawing their way out of early-morning time slots to more desirable broadcasts. As a newsreader for *NBC News at Sunrise*, Deborah Norville pined to replace Jane Pauley on the *Today* show, a natural desire no doubt inflamed by the baby-we'll-make-you-a-star encouragement of her bosses Dick Ebersol and Tim Russert; Diane Sawyer power-flirted her way from the *CBS Morning News* to *60 Minutes* to ABC's *PrimeTime Live*. And now Giselle Fernandez, former *CBS Morning News* anchor-babe, has been promoted to correspondent on the *CBS Evening News*. Although Fernandez hit town only last fall, she has already mastered a skill that's very useful to anyone who wants to get ahead at CBS: developing extracurricular friendships with men in high places—for example, *60 Minutes* correspondent Ed Bradley.

Fernandez may be most familiar to our Chicago readers: From 1987 to 1989 she worked as a reporter and anchor at WBBM, the CBS affiliate in Chicago that's also the former home of *CBS Evening News* executive producer Erik Sorenson and news-division president Eric Ober. When Fernandez arrived at WBBM, she was only 25 years old, but she quickly distinguished herself by taking over the weekend anchor slot while dating news director Ron Kershaw, who is now deceased. (Kershaw was Jessica Savitch's Svengali. Curiously, Savitch was also once a very special lady to Ed Bradley.)

Fernandez displayed real professionalism in one instance, when she responded testily during a broadcast to criticism she'd received in a local newspaper. Her shining moment at the station, though, came when a local drug kingpin called to say he planned to surrender to the police but wanted a TV news crew present so the cops would not beat him during the arrest. Fernandez and her crew met the dealer at a resort area outside Chicago, where they spent the afternoon speedboat-

ing and eating pizza. The wanted man finally did get around to turning himself in. Fernandez did not seem to think such behavior was a lapse in judgment. As she told the *Chicago Tribune*, "I thought it would make good video." And you'd probably always thought Paddy Chayefsky's *Network* was overstated.

Ober believes that Fernandez can become a star, and he once encouraged her to make appearances on *CBS Evening News Weekend Edition* as a correspondent. It was at *Weekend Edition* that Fernandez first demonstrated she is a force to be reckoned with. For the past several years, the senior producer of the program, Terry Martin, has been one of the most intensely despised people in the news division—more hated than Howard Stringer, president of CBS Group, for instance. Martin is an old CBS hand who was once a producer on the *Evening News*; he has also written copy for anchorman Dan Rather. He is known to berate his assistants wildly, and also for his unwillingness to offer even

the most perfunctory greetings to colleagues. When he was covering the Persian Gulf War, he took up valuable phone time to bad-mouth his CBS crew to their bosses in New York. Foolishly, he used an open satellite link, a high-tech variation on the old party line, and most of the crew—who had been working 23 hours a day while dodging Scuds—overheard his remarks.

When Fernandez approached Martin earlier this year with a story idea for *Weekend Edition*, he told her she was nothing but a newsreader, so forget about it. Fernandez went straight to her patron Ober, and within days, Martin was no longer senior producer at *Weekend Edition*. He has in fact been demoted to news manager, a guy who watches the news wires, and some at the network suggest that even this position is only temporary.

Where generations of Martin haters had failed, Fernandez succeeded in one deft stroke. Demanding that a producer's head be brought to you on a silver platter is the first prerogative of a star—and Fernandez has only just begun.

The general public thinks of CNN as unfailingly accurate, but it has

actually had to pull a segment in which Dr. Seuss was referred to throughout as Dr. Zeus. One recent incident might also encourage skepticism: Soon after George Bush threw up all over the Japanese prime minister in January, CNN almost reported that the president had...died.

—Laureen Hobbs



Giselle

Fernandez, a former a.m. anchor-babe, is now a correspondent on the *CBS Evening News*

Crowning the New King Arthur

Taking the cure at Canyon Ranch cannot compare with swilling gimlets again at Orso. So when Alex Jones, the paper of record's press reporter, wrote his creepily "objective" 3,000-word front-page announcement of Arthur "Pinch" Sulzberger's coronation, I couldn't stay away from West 43rd Street—especially when the *Times*'s digital clock stopped working on the very day of the announcement. An omen!

While most reporters would face with some trepidation the assignment of profiling both their former (Punch) and current (Pinch) bosses, the story was a natural for Jones, who witlessly trots out conventional wisdom on demand. He is himself a scion of a press dynasty (his family owns a string of southern newspapers) and coauthor of *The Patriarch: The Rise and Fall of the Bingham Dynasty*. Jones is, in effect, the Sulzbergers' house scribe, a courtier recruited from the minor provincial nobility—someone who...understands.

The feudal metaphors getting out of hand? Well, you should have been in the newsroom for Pinch's ascension. Staff members crowded the aisles, awaiting the appearance of Sulzberger *père et fils*. Photographers clambered onto desks, and as the pair swept into the newsroom, executive editor Max Frankel also heaved himself to the top of a desk, to introduce them. Reporters and editors launched into thunderous applause for young Arthur, to whom Max toadied in a speech: *We may have democratic ideals, and while some people say this newspaper is an oligarchy, it's not. In fact, we live under a monarchy—and I'm glad we do.*

Max's staff wasn't shocked by his metaphor—he's apt to compare the *Times* to whatever pops into his head these days. During a management seminar not long ago, Max and his inevitable successor, Joe Lelyveld, posited metaphors for the workplace. Joe said he thought of the *Times* as a baseball diamond. Max described the newsroom as an orchestra. This high-school-principal-style trope seemed to take root for a while: Max actually

reminded a group of editors at one staff meeting, *If one person plays a flat note, we all sound bad.*

Whether the *Times* is more an orchestra, monarchy or ball field is anybody's guess, but a telling moment at the newsroom ceremony occurred when the champagne ran out before even a third of the room got a swig. Pinch's ostentatious frugality now seems shrewdly nineties. Lately he has been taking coffee breaks in the rank-and-file cafeteria. He talks a good multicultural game too, suggesting he wants to bring the first nonwhite columnist to the Op-Ed page.

In fact, the only real change in Pinch's daily responsibilities as he moves to full-blown publisher is directly overseeing the editorial-page spread. His father enjoyed writing an occasional opinion piece himself (his in-house pseudonym is "A. O. Sock"—Sock, Punch; *get it?*), and the son is expected to follow suit.

Punch was charming and unthreatening to his reporters, a soi-

gné ditz, but *Timesmen* have not yet got a handle on their twerpy new publisher's rather strenuous public sense of humor. When he's among friends, Pinch's humor can be frat-housey, charmlessly awkward. As heir apparent, he has been self-conscious about the line between water-cooler colleague and future employee. As his elevation approached, young Arthur quite purposefully distanced himself from friends at the paper, among them the infamous Judy Miller.

Pinch's first hard hour with the newsroom drones came at a pair of free-form editorial meetings at the Marriott Marquis. Young City Hall reporter Todd Purdum asked a *Times* meta-question—about the climate of fear that pervades the newsroom. "Any other confessions?" Frankel quipped. Lelyveld addressed Purdum in earnest, declaring the old-style fear a thing of the past—take *that*, Arthur Gelb! Take *that*, Abe Rosenthal!

Pinch



The new publisher has purposefully distanced himself from friends at the paper

But then he suggested that *some* fear is salutary: When foreign editor Bernard Gwertzman was diplomatic correspondent, Lelyveld said, he would awake each morning terrified that he had been scooped. *That kind of fear is good*, Lelyveld said. Maybe so, but poor Bernie Gwertzman is the very sort of anxious, workaholic *Timesman* who has always loyally and fearfully put the job first, his life second. *Plus ça change...*

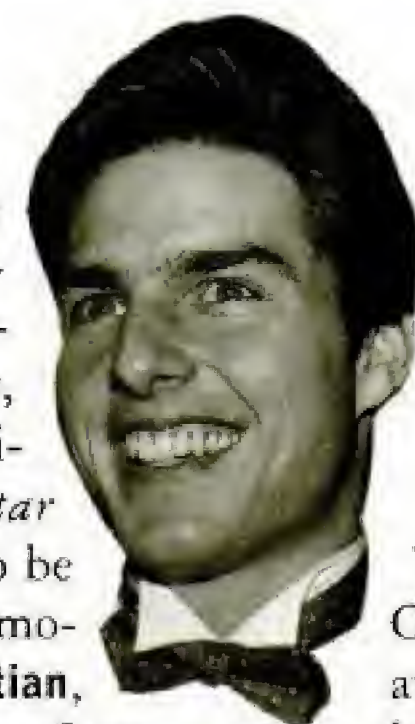
—J. J. Hunsecker

Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Just how does a celebrity draw the line between infotainment good sportsmanship and unseemly shtick? One morning recently on *Good Morning America*, **Patrick Stewart**, who plays Captain Picard on the syndicated TV show *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, was about to be interviewed. As Stewart awaited his moment, he noticed that **Spencer Christian**, *GMA*'s weatherman, was dressed in a *Star Trek* getup. Stewart, perhaps all too keenly aware that he risks the camp fate of **William Shatner**, stalked out of the studio, enraged. As it happened, the botched segment was on the same morning as an on-air discussion among the four men who control TV programming in America—**Bob Iger** from ABC, **Warren Littlefield** from NBC, **Jeff Sagansky** from CBS and **Peter Chernin** from Fox—and they evidently all witnessed Stewart's mad scene. "So," one of the network presidents said with a smile to a fellow network president, "we're agreed—nobody will give Patrick Stewart any more work?"



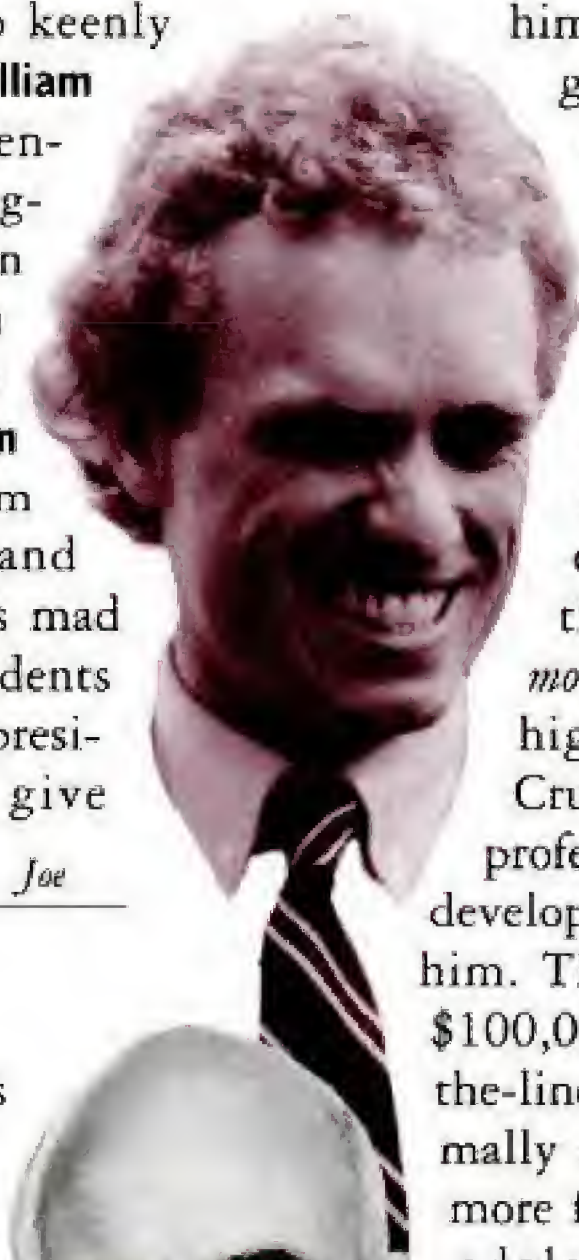
Tom

3

Kennedy, of course—out for a guys-only drive. After Schneider glared in Kennedy's direction, he seemed to realize whom he had accosted and, presumably mortified, sped away.

One might think that little **Tom Cruise** lies awake at night anguishing about his lack of a box office hit since 1989. But what really bothers him—what he thinks won't allow him to grow from young superstar to youngish megastar—is his adolescent voice.

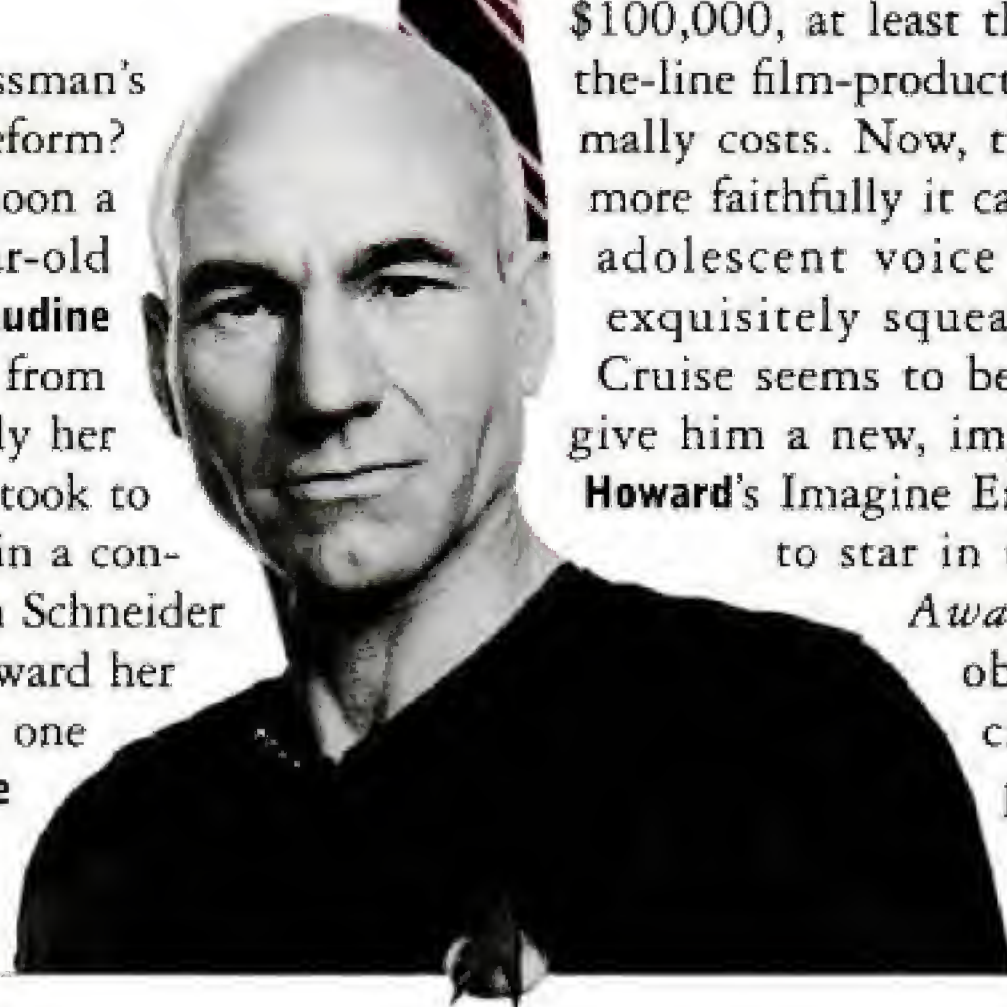
Cruise belongs to the Church of Scientology, the cult that believes all of life's difficulties can be overcome by hooking oneself up to a quack electronic gadget. So when he shared his squeaky-voice obsession with some Scientologist friends, they convinced him that the solution, at least as far as his *movie* voice was concerned, was a special high-tech recording system. Luckily for Cruise, the Church of Scientology owns a professional sound studio, and his pals there developed a supercomplicated system just for him. The price for the equipment: well over \$100,000, at least three times what a top-of-the-line film-production recording system normally costs. Now, the better the system, the more faithfully it captures sounds—a squeaky adolescent voice will only sound more exquisitely squeaky and adolescent. But Cruise seems to believe that his gizmo can give him a new, improved voice. When **Ron Howard's** Imagine Entertainment hired Cruise to star in the forthcoming *Far and Away*, the company was obliged to lease his special, allegedly squeak-suppressing system. ■



Joe

2

In the spring, a young congressman's thoughts turn to...health-care reform? Defense cuts? One balmy afternoon a couple of sessions ago, 43-year-old Republican congresswoman **Claudine Schneider** was making her way from the House to her office. Suddenly her reverie was broken by what she took to be a couple of rowdy teenagers in a convertible cruising for tuna. When Schneider heard a wolf whistle directed toward her backside, she turned to discover one of her House colleagues—**Joe**



Patrick



Defending Their Own

If Influential Adulterers Don't Stick Up for Influential Adulterers, Who Will?

Last fall, *The Washington Post's* Juan Williams, a repentant sexual harasser, published a column that took Clarence Thomas's side against Anita Hill. An alleged harasser, television pundit John McLaughlin, was also a righteous Thomas defender. As far as we know, Bryant Gumbel and Dan Rather haven't gone on record in support of this season's beleaguered guy's guy, Bill Clinton. But many of their peers in the press have not been so discreet. Is there a saying about the pot calling the kettle *clean*?

A Somewhat Selective Catalog of Bill Clinton Apologists

A. M. ROSENTHAL, *The New York Times*: "The Clinton couple of Arkansas have presented to the American public a gift....The gift is that they treated us as adults....[We should] be fed up with the slavering inquisition on politicians' sexual history."

SAM DONALDSON, *PrimeTime Live*: Interviewing Hillary Clinton, he let go unchallenged her apparent lie that Clinton never said, "Goodbye, baby," to Gennifer Flowers. On *This Week With David Brinkley* he said, "There's been no allegation that I know of that Governor Clinton has carried on in this manner since he announced for president."

ERIC BREINDEL, *New York Post*: "[Many] think that Clinton himself has handled an encounter with unpleasant issues—issues that most... don't ever have to discuss in public—in a classy and effective fashion."

RICHARD COHEN, *The Washington Post*: "It's hard to ask a man about other women and such matters." ☾

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



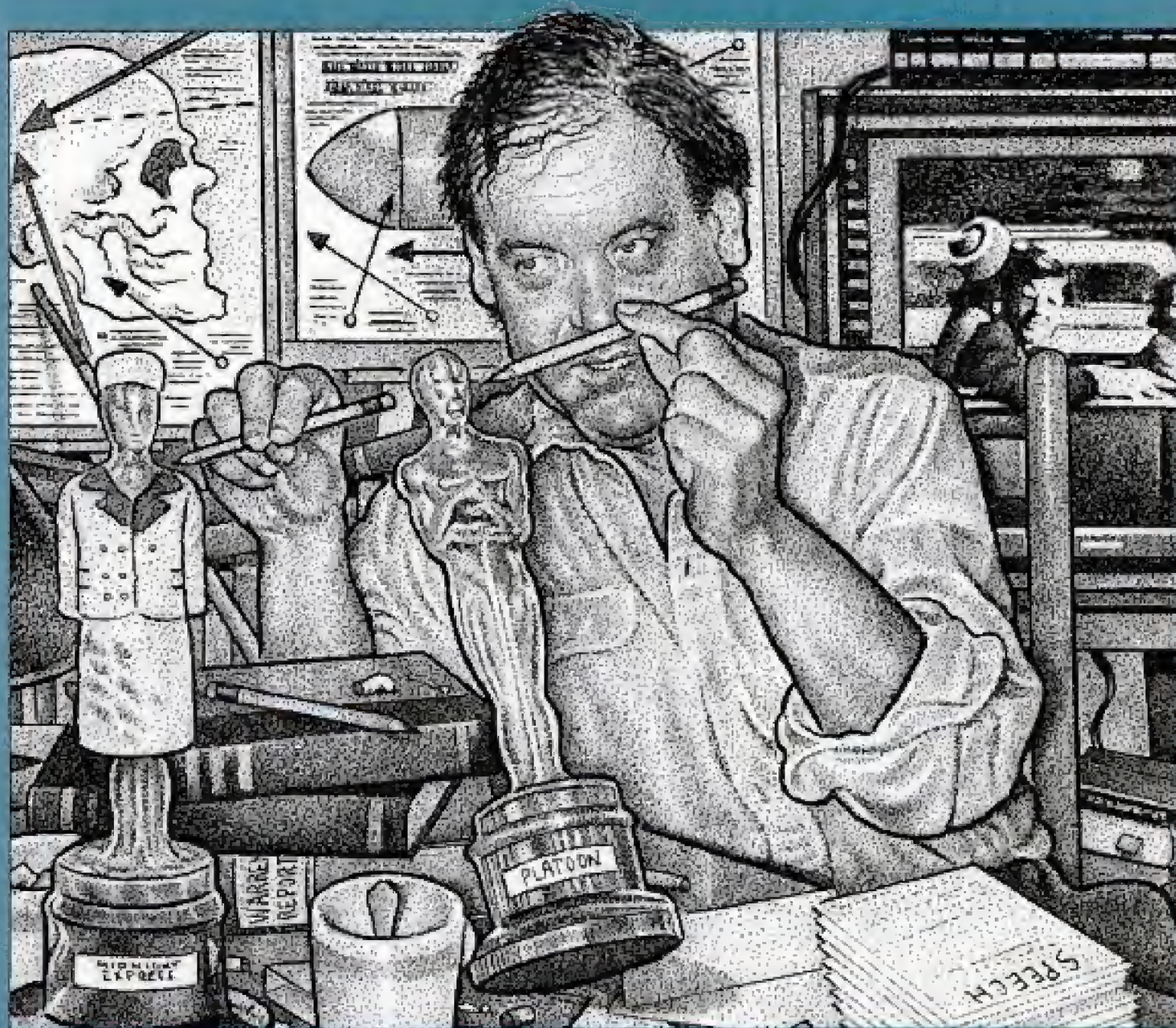
Building a Better Pitchman

Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa may have started out sympathetic about America's problems, but it's hard to stay a good sport after the American to whom you're extending a helping hand spurts chyme all over you at dinner.

Consequently, it's time we realized that we'll have to predicate our economy on something the Japanese can't duplicate as easily as the automobile. Like, perhaps, celebrity hucksterism. After all, we've got the stars, we've got the know-

how, and now, thanks to Equi-Trend®, A Study of Brand Equity, we have the groundbreaking scientific data that will enable us to get maximum selling power out of our celebrity endorsers. Equi-Trend is the product of the Total Research Corporation of Princeton, New Jersey, which recently called 2,000 people and asked them questions about 54 celebrities to determine which had the highest-quality image. In 1st place, with a score of 77, was Bob Hope; in 54th place, ►

Private Lives of Public Figures



Oliver Stone rehearses his Oscar acceptance speech.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

with a 29, was Jerry Falwell. Here are the full rankings:

Bob Hope (77); Bill Cosby (75); Walter Cronkite and George Bush (73); Clint Eastwood (72); Pope John Paul II and Michael Jordan (70); Tom Brokaw and Meryl Streep (69); Jack Nicholson and Luciano Pavarotti (68);

Tom Cruise (67); Margaret Thatcher, Bo Jackson, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Joe DiMaggio (66); Dan Rather and Dolly Parton (64); Arnold Palmer, Barbara Walters and Paula Abdul (63); Lee Iacocca and Oprah Winfrey (61); Richard Petty and Frank Sinatra (60); Martina Navratilova, Ralph Nader and Billy Graham (59); Ronald Reagan (58);

Mikhail Gorbachev, Hammer and Phil Donahue (56); Ted Turner, Shirley MacLaine and Muhammad Ali (55); Nelson Mandela and Cher (54); Barry Manilow and Liz Taylor (53); Ted Kennedy (52); Jane Fonda (51); Jesse Jackson and Vanna White (49); Mike Tyson and Gloria Steinem (48); Mick Jagger (46); Hulk Hogan (45); Bart Simpson (44); Richard Nixon (43); Hugh Hefner (42); Donald Trump and Madonna (37); Roseanne Arnold (34); and Jerry Falwell (29).

To keep potential advertisers from wrongly concluding that equally ranked celebrities would be equally effective as endorsers (Okay, we're pushing Ro-lads and we can afford a 54. Who do we want, Mandela or Cher?), Total Research identified seven kinds of consumers, describing them, the kinds ▶

Wilt's World

He Shoots, He Scores



In his recently published autobiography, *A View from Above*, Basketball Hall of Famer Wilt Chamberlain claims to have made love to nearly 20,000 women during the course of his life. Here are the ramifications of that claim.

Time spent in seduction, conquest and postcoital hygiene (at an average of 22 minutes per encounter): **7,333 hours 20 minutes, or more than 10 months**

Time spent performing intercourse (at an average of 7 minutes per encounter): **2,333 hours 20 minutes, or more than 3 months of actual thrusting**

Total calories burned: **816,666, or the amount of energy burned by an average person over 480 days**

Volume of ejaculate (at 1 tablespoon per encounter): **78 gallons**

Number of sperm released (at 300 million per ejaculation): **6 trillion**

Cost of a ritually considerate bouquet of 1 dozen roses sent the next morning: **\$799,000 (including delivery)**

Length of Wilt's women standing arm-in-arm: **9.5 miles**

Length of Wilt's women laid end-to-end: **20 miles**

Aggregate weight of Wilt's women (at 124 pounds per woman): **2.48-million pounds, approximately the weight of 10 727's fully loaded with fuel**

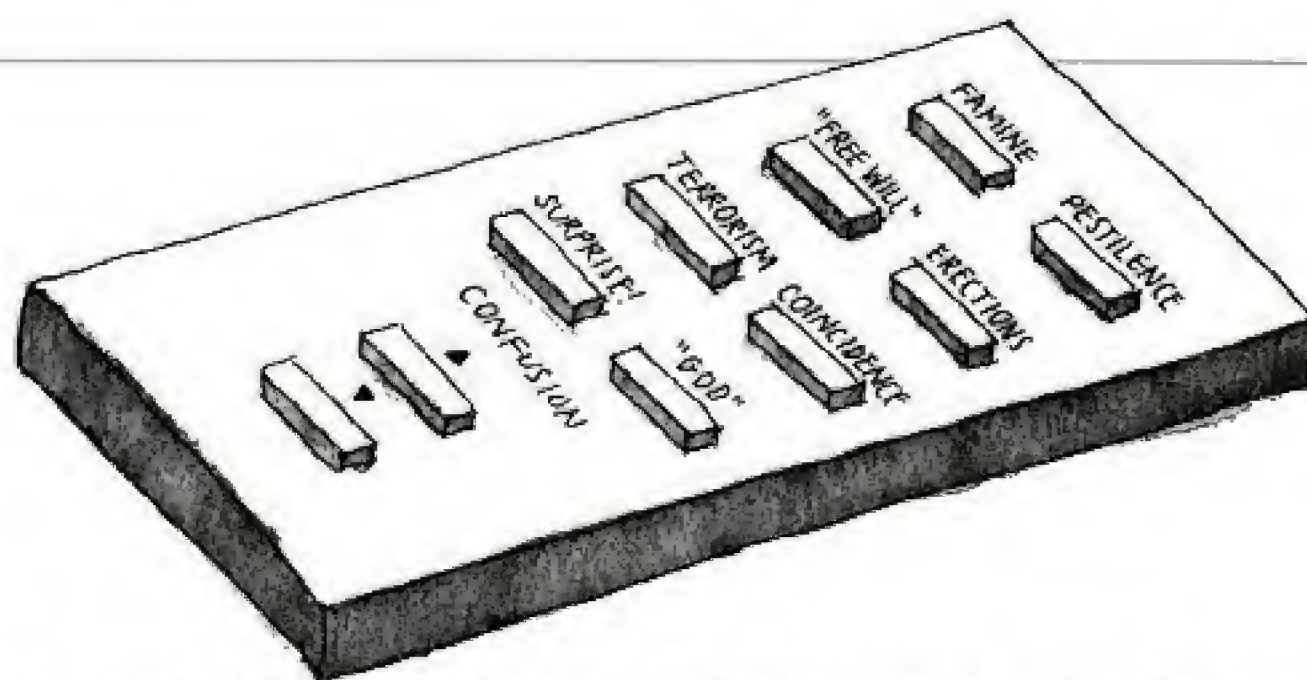
Number of *Geraldo* episodes required to expand upon Wilt's prowess as a lover (4 guests per episode): **5,000, or an episode each weekday for more than 19 years**

Cost of providing each woman with a copy of the autobiography (suggested retail price, \$20): **\$400,000, plus tax**

Number of buses required to transport Wilt's women to a Lakers game: **408**

Cost of halftime refreshments (hot dog, medium soft drink, DoveBar) at the Great Western Forum: **\$155,000, plus tax**

Number of women projected to join the club (assuming a life expectancy for Wilt of 75 years, and factoring in an annual 20 percent reduction in potency): **7,008** —Brian Clark



GOD'S REMOTE CONTROL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



THE PERFECT RECESS

Re-cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.
Re-cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.

PARLIAMENT
Lights



of products they like and the celebrities to whom they respond:

Intellectuals, who "prefer sophisticated brands with a more liberal worldview," buy Volvo, Cuisinart and Toyota, and respond to Streep, Nader and Steinem;

Conformists, who prefer dominant brands, buy Campbell's and Hershey's, and respond to Hope, Cosby and Abdul;

Popularity Seekers, who like trendy, youth-oriented products, such as MTV and McDonald's, and respond to Bart Simpson, Bo Jackson and Tyson;

Pragmatists, who like no-nonsense products, buy Lee, Lego Systems and Theragran, and respond to Eastwood, Rather and Bush;

Actives, who "prefer healthy brands," such as Blue Cross, Visa and (we swear) Exxon, "provided by caring people" like Pavarotti, Manilow and (we swear) Margaret Thatcher;

Relief Seekers, who "look for relief, escape and peace," buy HBO and Nyquil, and would listen to Madonna, Trump and Hefner (*Hi, this is Madonna for Nyquil?*);

and **Sentimentals**, who prefer old-fashioned brands, such as K mart and Sanka, and relate to ►

April Datebook

Enchanting and

Alarming Events Upcoming

3 Wayne Newton turns 50.

3-5 The HUMOR Project sponsors its seventh annual conference on the positive power of humor and cre-



ativity in Saratoga Springs, New York. The Project's founder and director, Dr. Joel Goodman, has lectured in "Tokyo, Tampa, Toronto, Tacoma,

Tblisi (USSR), Tennessee, Taiwan, and many points in between (he also speaks in cities, states, and countries that

do not begin with "T")."

Get it? You can learn to

be *this*

funny for only \$335, excluding lodging and airfare.

4-5 California Coin Laundry Expo at the L.A. Fair and Exposition Complex.

Michael Leeson, executive director of the California Coin Laundry Association, says the familiar word *Laundromat* is passé. "*Coin laundry* is just a more modern term....I suspect New Yorkers would still use the word *Laundromat*."

5 Mozart Bicentennial Keyboard Marathon; Lincoln Center, 2:00 to 10:00 p.m. Alice Tully Hall will be closed to traffic for the duration.

15 Taxes due; 80th anniversary of the sinking of the *Titanic*.

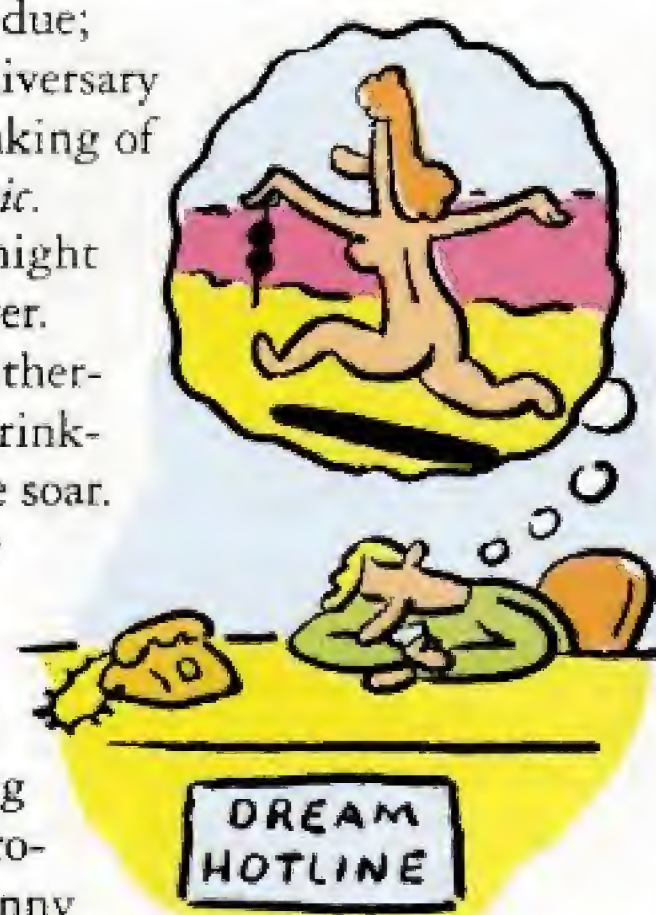
17 First night of Passover. Sales of otherwise undrinkable wine soar.

19 Easter Sunday. PAAS, maker of Easter-egg dyes, introduces Bunny Tongs—rabbit-shaped, pastel-colored salad tongs—and Crazy Critters Egg Animating Kit, which allows children to dress up their eggs with feathers and pom-poms. So *this* is why He

rose from the dead.

23 Lee Majors turns 52.

24-26 The School of Metaphysics in Windyville, Missouri, operates a National Dream Hotline: (417) 345-8411. Faculty use their years of research and experience to answer questions about the spirituality of particular dreams. "We see dreams as communications from the soul," says Barbara O'Guinn, the school's na-



tional adviser. "We hope to eventually be accredited."

25 Abortion first legalized (in Colorado) on this day in 1967. Just so you know exactly how far back to set your clocks. ☾

Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



WIND, starring Jennifer Grey, Matthew Modine (Tri-Star) pppp

Walter Monheit says, "How many Oscars will Matthew round up before you can call him a star? The answer, my friends, is blowin' in the *Wind*!"

SINGLES, starring Campbell Scott (Warner Bros.) pppp

Walter Monheit says, "Turn up the burner and just add Oscar—Campbell's mmm-mmm good!"

SHADOWS AND FOG, starring Madonna, Jodie Foster, Kathy Bates, directed by Woody Allen (Orion) pppp

Walter Monheit says, "The ooofiest Allen assemblage since *Hannah and Her Sisters*! But hey—any situation involving Madonna and Jodie deserves a Woody!"

What the monocles mean: ppp—excellent;
pppp—indisputably a classic

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 17% alc/vol (34 proof).
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Graham, Hope and Falwell.

As if all this weren't enough for us to think about, Total Research has also sent out a chart in which they've put together some dream pairings of celebrities and products: Walter Cronkite with Cream of Wheat, Pope John Paul II with Hallmark, Michael Jordan with Cadillac, Tom Brokaw with KitchenAid, Margaret Thatcher with Metropolitan Life (current celebrity representative: Snoopy), Dan Rather with No Nonsense, Frank Sinatra with Sanka, Nader with Volvo, Reagan with Exxon, Gorbachev with Coca-Cola and Lands' End, Mandela with diet Coke, Liz Taylor with Hellmann's, Vanna White with Holiday Inn, Tyson with Rolex, Arnold with Timex, Steinem with Hanes, Nixon with Buick, and Falwell with Sears.



The Beautiful People's Court

Case No. 14199 in the New York State Supreme Court

Kurt Anthony v. Wesley Snipes et al.

Plaintiff Anthony alleges that defendant Snipes, star of *New Jack City* and *Jungle Fever*, and others effectively stole his script, entitled *Innocent Blood*, and used it as the basis for *New Jack City*. "During 1984-1990," the complaint reads, "plaintiff lived in The Bronx...and then in Harlem, and observed firsthand the drug epidemic which was sweeping the community....Plaintiff decided he could help in publicizing the problem...by writing a realistic screenplay which would be appeal- ▶



Easter-Egg Apocalypse?

A SPY Public-Awareness Bulletin

Ah, the endangered joys of childhood. The past decade has all but eliminated trick-or-treating and sitting on Santa's lap at the mall. Can the extinction of the traditional Easter-egg hunt be far behind? A recent history of this tragic custom:

Anchorage, Alaska, 1991: Hundreds of children showed up for the annual Easter-egg hunt, but some of them wandered into the woods or got stuck in waist-deep snow. Several children were reported missing; many complained of freezing fingers and toes.

St. Louis, Missouri, 1991: The riverfront Easter-egg hunt turned ugly when parents broke through yellow police ribbons set up to mark off the grassy fields and began snatching up the 20,000 plastic eggs. Those who arrived just before the official 11:45 a.m. start found the fields picked clean.

St. Catharine's, Ontario, Canada, 1991: Parents fought and elbowed one another to snatch eggs and candy from children at an Easter-egg hunt at a local mall. "The adults went in there like crazy," a mother said. "They trampled my daughter's basket."

South Portland, Maine, 1991: The program director of the Parks Department asked the

city to discontinue its annual Easter-egg hunt because of the greed of parents at this year's event. "I saw parents pushing kids down and taking the candy," she said, recalling the pandemonium.

Winterset, Iowa, 1990: Officials asked that children throw away their chocolate candy, eggs and other goodies found during the Easter-egg hunt after learning that the city's Whistle Stop Park had been sprayed with pesticides and fertilizers only two days earlier.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1989: Fearing for the safety of the city's children, officials canceled the annual

Easter-egg hunt. In previous years, parents had complained that their toddlers were injured by bigger children who found the eggs more quickly and left none for the little ones.

New York City, 1981: Calamity struck the annual Easter-egg hunt in Central Park when prizes were thrown up for grabs, touching off a stampede of several thousand people. Six people were hurt, and dozens of youngsters were separated from their parents. "It was not very pleasant," said Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis. "Big kids were pushing smaller kids."

—Chip Rowe



P A R A M O U N T

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ing to the youthful, innocent victims." Anthony maintains that he wrote the script "with the...unknown, local actor, defendant Wesley Snipes," in mind. He says that while supporting himself doing odd jobs, he did some work for David Gus, who said he was a talent agent. "Plaintiff...asked Gus if he could help locate Snipes....Gus said, 'Yes, you're in luck, because Wesley Snipes is one of the people I represent as an agent.'" In the course of their conversation, Anthony says, he disclosed many of the key features of the screenplay: "(i) It was to be using hip-hop (i.e., rap music) throughout the film; and (ii) it was to have substantial violence, profanity, sexual activities, slang and [be] shot with realism ('Mean Streets' style) showing crime and hustling continuously throughout the film; and (iii) a lot of crack dealing." Anthony claims that he delivered the screenplay to Gus, who later told him "that Snipes [had] read the screenplay [and] decided not to do the movie because it was too 'street,' too hard-core, too 'cinema verité' or new wave." Some months later, "while in the Dentist's office fixing his teeth for his planned role in *Innocent Blood*," Anthony read about *New Jack City*. Anthony wants \$80-million in actual damages and \$80 million in punitive damages, plus any proceeds the defendants received for *New Jack City*. The defendants deny all charges. The case is pending. **D**

What We Have Here Is a Failure to Communicate But Don't Quote Us on That

You're being interviewed by a prominent journalist from a respectable publication. You tell the reporter something off the record; something else you say is not for attribution; and certain other facts, you caution, are on background. The reporter nods his assent. But is he agreeing to what you think he's agreeing to? We wondered, and we asked the experts.

Joan Konner, dean, Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism: "Off the record means don't quote the person, but it can mean don't use it—it's best to ask. *Not for attribution* means you can use it [as a quote] but don't quote them [by name]. *Background* is information relating to a story to give you a context for understanding."

P. J. O'Rourke, *Rolling Stone*: "Off the record means, basically, you the reader can guess who told me this. By internal textual analysis you'll be able to tell who said this. If somebody gave something to me off the record, that would mean, 'Don't print my name, but you don't have to disguise my identity too deeply.' *Not for attribution* means, 'You have to disguise my identity but not the class or species to which I belong.' *Background* means, 'I didn't fucking say it. If you say I said it, I'll deny it, and I'll do everything I can to destroy your career.'"

David Halberstam, author, *The Powers That Be*: "Background is when 'an officer in the government' holds briefings for reporters and they can use what he says and attribute it to an American official. A public official might say, 'Off the record I'll tell you this,' and may even wink as he says it—which means, 'You didn't hear it here, but if you want to use it, go ahead.' All these things have a kind of body language of their own."

Brian Burrough, *The Wall Street Journal*, author of *Barbarians at the Gate*: "On Wall Street, *background* has come to mean for a lot of people what *not for attribution* really means: meaning, you know, 'one investment banker,' 'one trader,' but you can quote them."

Christopher Hitchens, *The Nation*, *Harper's*: "Off the record is like no comment. It's what people have seen on television series when journalists ask questions. It's the proles trying to avoid exposure. *Background* is a bit higher up. Then you're dealing with some bureaucrat, sort of the middle class. When they say *background*, that's how they show savviness. The first two cases are always said by people whom nobody would want to quote anyway. *Not for attribution* is said by people whom you *would* want to quote and who don't want to be and who could make it hard for you if you quoted them against their will. It's a scale of general toadying and falsity."

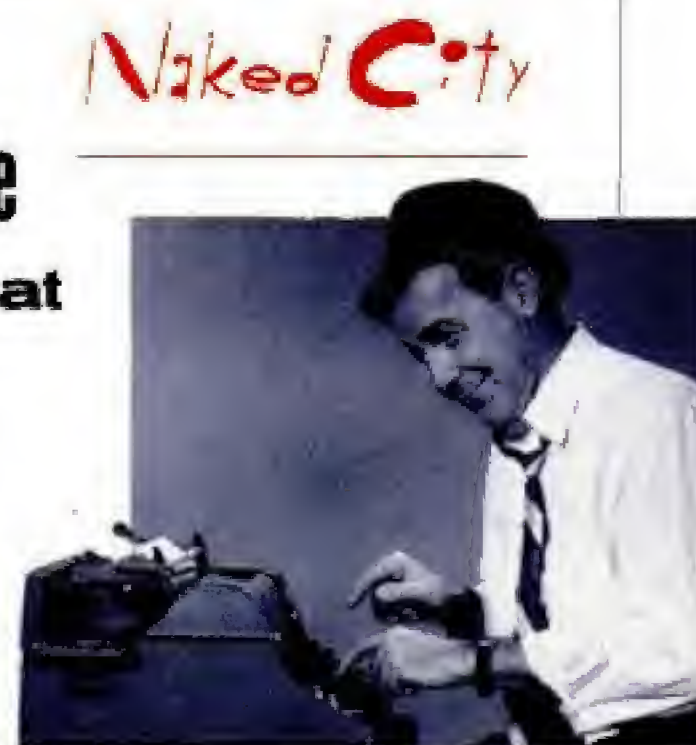
SPY: But what information can you use, and what can't you use?

Hitchens: "Well, that would be an ethical call, and I don't believe in journalistic ethics. If you say, 'At what level do you burn the source?', it's always in direct proportion to the importance of the story."

Kurt Loder, *MTV News*: "Off the record is off the record—you don't use it, right? *Background* is, you use the information, but you don't attribute it. And what was the third one, the one in the middle?...Those are pretty simple, though, aren't they? I thought it was all pretty clear. I'd better keep abreast of this stuff, I guess."

Kevin Sessums, *Vanity Fair*: "Run them by me again. I was reading something when you said that."

St. Clair Pugh, reporter-collaborator for *Liz Smith*: "What do you mean, *background*? I don't know that term." **D**



Are You Listening, Lee Iacocca?

The Real Secrets of Japanese Success

As our way of contributing to a better understanding of the United States's most nettlesome trade partner, we present this glimpse of contemporary Japanese corporate philosophies, all of which were recently provided to the public at the 29th Tokyo Motor Show:

On corporate purpose: "Kawasaki is pleased to introduce its theme of 'Non-stop Happy Times and Space.'" —Kawasaki Motorcycle Co.

On mechanical innovation: "As the door can be operated with half-latch, there will be no such condition as 'half-door.'" —Ohi Seisakusho Co., Ltd.

On mechanical problems: "Spark is strengthened 10% or so, however radio injury may occur." —Hayashi Seiko Co., Ltd.

On mechanical safety: "Recent engines with dilute burning system are adopting ignition system of transistor circuit to correspond to the improvement of blowing-up on accelerated time." —Hayashi Seiko Co., Ltd.

On more amorphous kinds of safety: "Alpha is a company

who can submit a safety assurance to the society unconsciously, likewise, air and water do the same." —Alpha Corporation

On friendliness: "The motorcycle corner will feature the theme 'Hello, motorcycle.'" —Honda Motor Co., Ltd.

On technological advances: "[The product] is easy to use as a result of utilizing electrodes instead of paste." —Nippondenso Co., Ltd.

On a subject we don't yet understand: "Our theme here is 'The Fusion of Brain Children.'" —Stanley Electric Co., Ltd.

On automotive existentialism: "It is a system which does not require a point." —Hayashi Seiko Co., Ltd.

—Stephen Morgan



It's a Wonderful Town!



Woman taking souvenir dirt from the Little Italy grave of saint-to-be Pierre Toussaint; Toussaint was exhumed as part of the canonization process.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

Is Liberace Alive? A Gratuitous Exercise in Rumor-Mongering

As time goes by, it seems more and more certain that Elvis Presley has, in fact, died. That some believe otherwise has led us to wonder whether there are fans of other apparently dead superstars who believe that their idol is still alive. To test that proposition, we called Pauline LaChance, the president of the Liberace Club of Las Vegas, and, introducing ourselves as Chuck Schwartz, an ardent fan, told her we had just seen the inimitable Liberace on an observation deck of the Empire State Building. LaChance told Chuck that another member of her club swears Liberace is alive and being held captive in a warehouse. Later, Chuck called back for details.

Chuck Schwartz: Hi.

Pauline LaChance: Don't tell me you saw another sighting.

Chuck: No, but...you mentioned some things about a controversy surrounding his death....

Pauline: Do you mind if I put my husband on while you talk to me?

Chuck: No, not at all.

Pauline: Okay, this...is the fellow who...saw a sighting. That's how we're calling it—a "sighting"—right?

Bob LaChance: Hello there.

Pauline: I'm not that close to the family as such, [but] being a fan and all that, we were able to be at the funeral in Palm Springs....

But as I told you...there was no coffin in the church. And we were told that his sister was next to him when he passed away.

Chuck: Did you speak with her?

Pauline: Yes. She claims that "he did die at my side."

Bob: But outside the room there were five or six other people....

Pauline: His lawyer was supposedly in the next room as well, but one of the strange things—now, this is just something I heard, I can't verify this—the last few minutes that he lived, the lawyer made everybody leave that room.

Chuck: Now, why do you think [he] did that?

Pauline: I don't know. It has possibly something to do with the will that he signed. There was a lot of controversy over that.... The lawyer came up with a revised will, and he had him sign it at that time. That's all I heard.

I can't verify this.

But the thing that disturbed me is, we never saw the actual body.

We never even saw a coffin.

Chuck: Really?

Pauline: And then all the controversy

surfaced about the coroner, who we [seemingly groundlessly] understand was paid off by the media to say that he died of AIDS.

Chuck: Have you ever thought about maybe a conspiracy between, say, the lawyer, Liberace and maybe the sister?

Pauline: Well, I really have never thought about that.

Bob: Look...when you saw him, how was this person breathing?

Was he breathing normally?

Pauline: Was he smoking?

Chuck: I can't really remember.

Pauline: Because we know for a fact that he had emphysema the last two years of his life from heavy smoking....

Bob: The last few performances, they had an oxygen tent offstage, and between ovations and programs he would rush out there and take in some oxygen....In other words, if you saw a man who was breathing normally after climbing or exerting, it probably wouldn't be him.

Chuck: Well, you know, I'm sure he took the elevator to the top.

Pauline: That's true, you wouldn't get out of breath with that.

Bob: How old would you say this



man looked that you saw?

Chuck: He looked in his sixties.

Bob: He would have been about 70 or 71 at the time that you saw him. Would this have been a 70-year-old man?

Chuck: It could have been.

Bob: Did his face look a little, maybe, tight, [as if he'd had] facial uplifts or something?

Chuck: Yeah, it did, that's—

Pauline: He *did* have minor surgery on his face.

Bob: And the eyes began to—

Pauline: —get narrow.

Chuck: You mentioned someone who...was positive he was still living?

Pauline: This lady was of the opinion that he was imprisoned in a warehouse and he's not dead.

Chuck: Did she ever see him?

Pauline: No. You're probably the only one. A lot of people have had dreams about him, you know, myself included....Since you phoned me, I thought about this all along....You want to toss this thing to one side, this can't be true, but the more you talk about it, you know, it makes you think.

—Logan Ward and Dean King

*On the streets
of Europe,
the dream lives.*

METRO

THE MUSICAL

*Let Freedom Sing...
and Dance.*

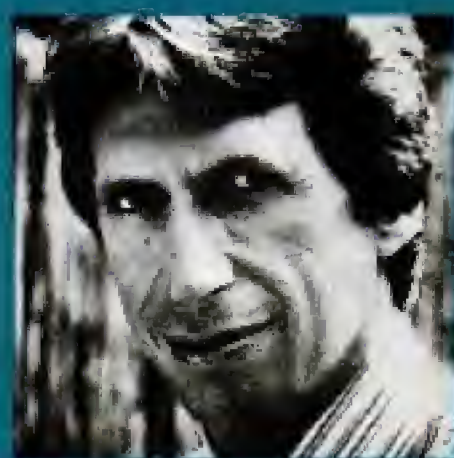
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Separated at Birth?



Barbra Streisand...



and David Brenner?



Andrew Stein...



and Corbin Bernsen?



Naomi Judd...



and Shelley Long?



George Bush...



and Al Lewis?



Richard Darman...



and Lorne Michaels?

Naked City

Meet the Nobelists! This Month's Question: If you were trapped on Gilligan's Island, how would you escape?

David H. Hubel, 1981 Nobel Prize in Medicine: "You could send up smoke signals, or if you had any electronic equipment, you could try to assemble something that would transmit....I suppose [you could] try to get off on some sort of raft. It would depend on how far the land is....Are you in the middle of the ocean, with hundreds of miles between you and any shore? I'd certainly think it over before I started swimming."

Val Fitch, 1980 Nobel Prize in Physics: "[My escape] depends on the circumstances on which I was trapped. You mean, just isolated on an island somewhere...so the options are to build a boat and to go where you want to go? Of course, one can always use the stars and the sun to navigate, so that's not a problem....[Building a boat] depends on the materials available....What are you giving me? If you're giving me just sand, then there's a problem, because I wouldn't have anything concrete to make a concrete canoe. If one has trees, then you make dugout canoes, just like the Polynesians. [But] now you have to make a fire. One might be able to start a fire, and then you can burn out a log. One time in my life I started a fire by twirling some twigs....I'm a survival type."

Donald J. Cram, 1987 Nobel Prize in Chemistry: "I'd look around to see what materials would be available to start fires....One would be with flint, if you had anything that would generate a spark...and the other is simply to use friction, as you do by taking a piece of wood and hollowing it out and then taking another piece of wood that is slender...and coiling it around some string and then pulling on it and rotating one with the other. This is the way I did it when I was a Boy Scout. That was part of a merit badge I got. I'm 72, and I ride a surfboard. By virtue of surfing, I've been around the ocean a lot. I feel comfortable with the interface between land and ocean....I have some feeling for currents. You can tell a little bit, now and then, about how distant a landmass is from backwash waves....Some of the ancient people that navigated were able to use that sometimes in navigation."

Kenneth J. Arrow, 1972 Nobel Prize in Economics: "Ah, that's a good question. I think I'd try to rely on signals to passing ships and airplanes. [I don't know Morse code], but I think I'd learn fast."

—Gregg Stebben



Illustration by Peter Kuper

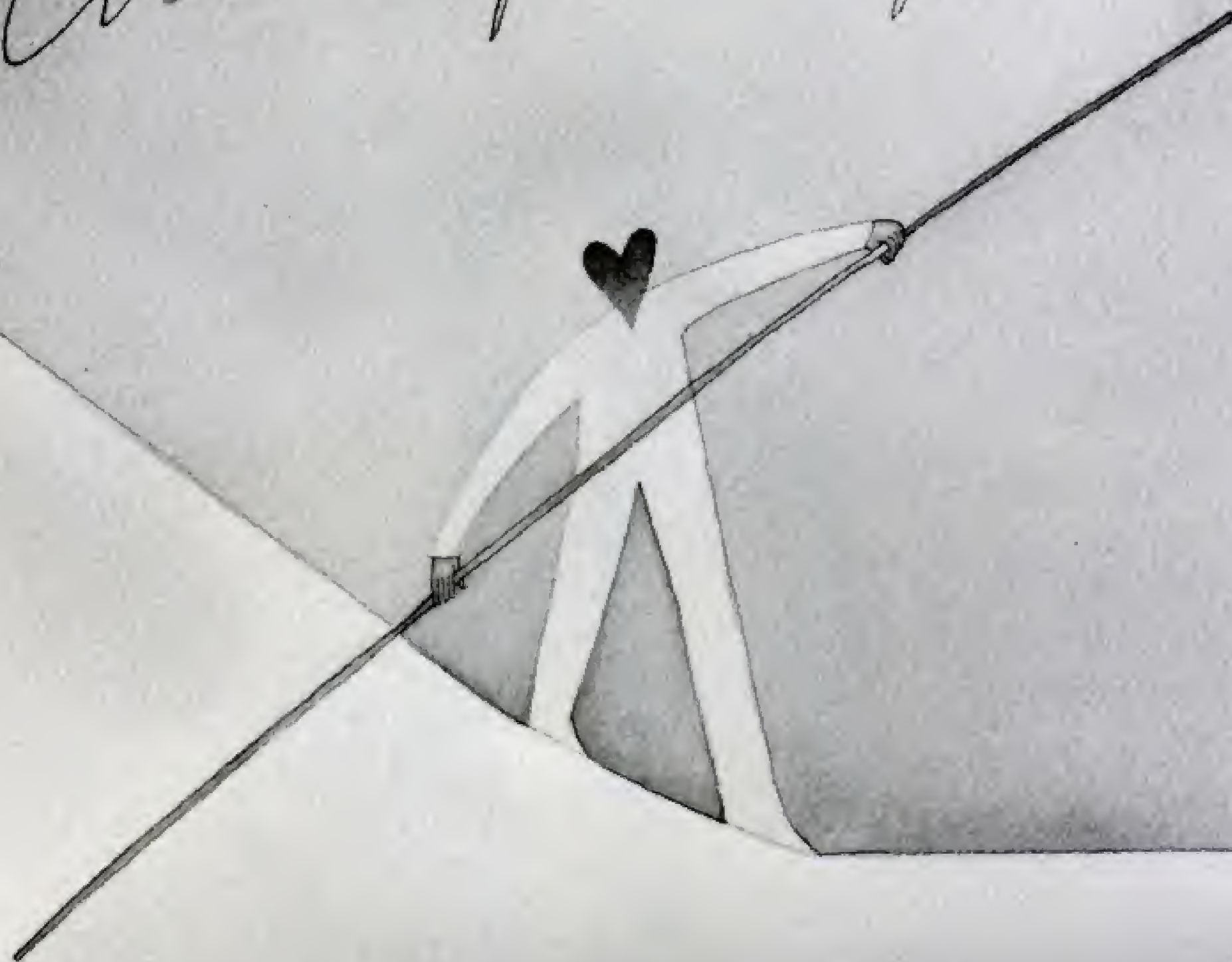


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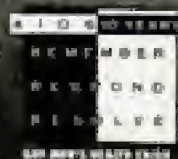
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BIG PICTURES

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SPY *BIG PICTURES*



Vice President Dan Quayle on the 1992
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SPY **BIG PICTURES** 1942-1992: Tyrants at Play

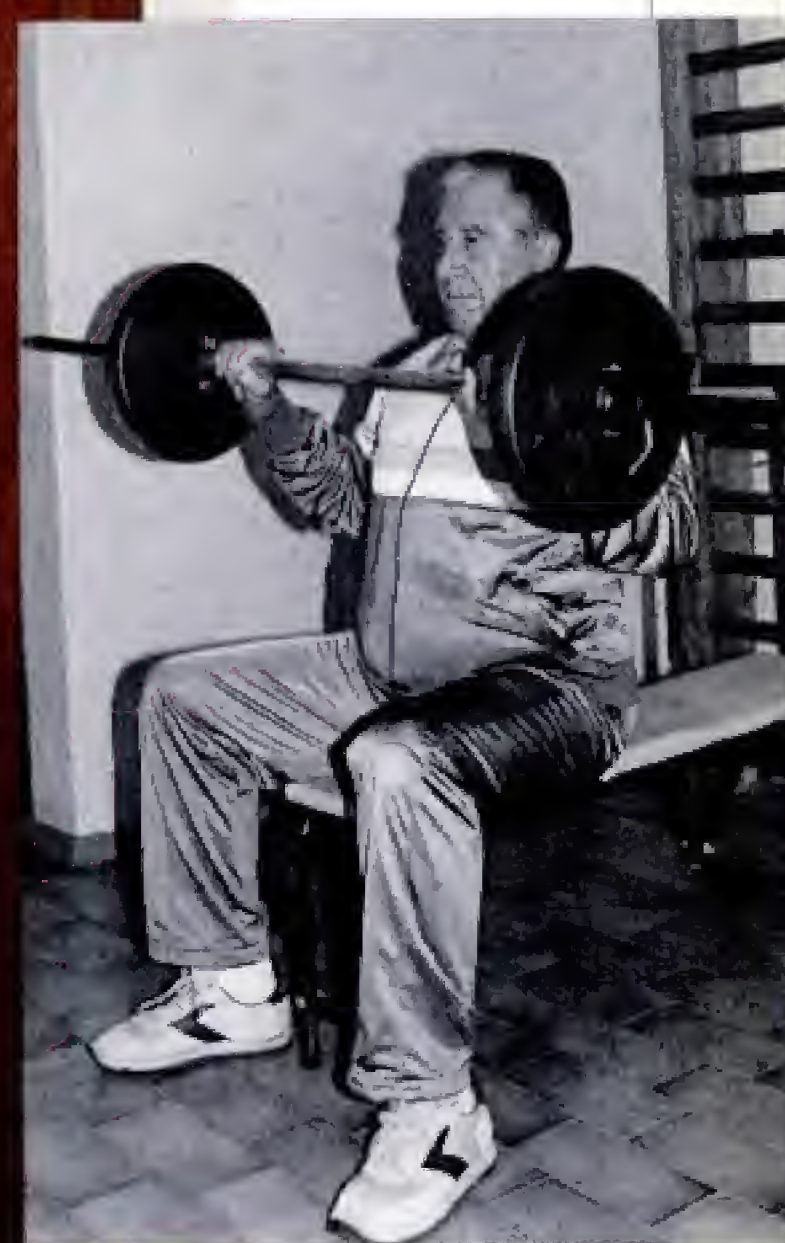


Clockwise from top left, barbecue whiz Saddam Hussein and pals get ready to chow; Fidel Castro waits for his pitch; Syrian president Hafiz Assad plays Ping-Pong; Mu'ammar Qaddafi takes time out to smell the flowers.





Clockwise from top left, Romania's Nicolae Ceaușescu plays a video game as his wife, Elena, looks on; Chilean president Augusto Pinochet pumps iron; King Hussein of Jordan in a go-cart; Benito Mussolini prepares to sled.



SPY BIG PICTURES



A dead whale is trucked away from a Port St. Lucie, Florida, beach.

1,025-pound Walter Hudson at the Gospel Blessing Center in Roosevelt, New York



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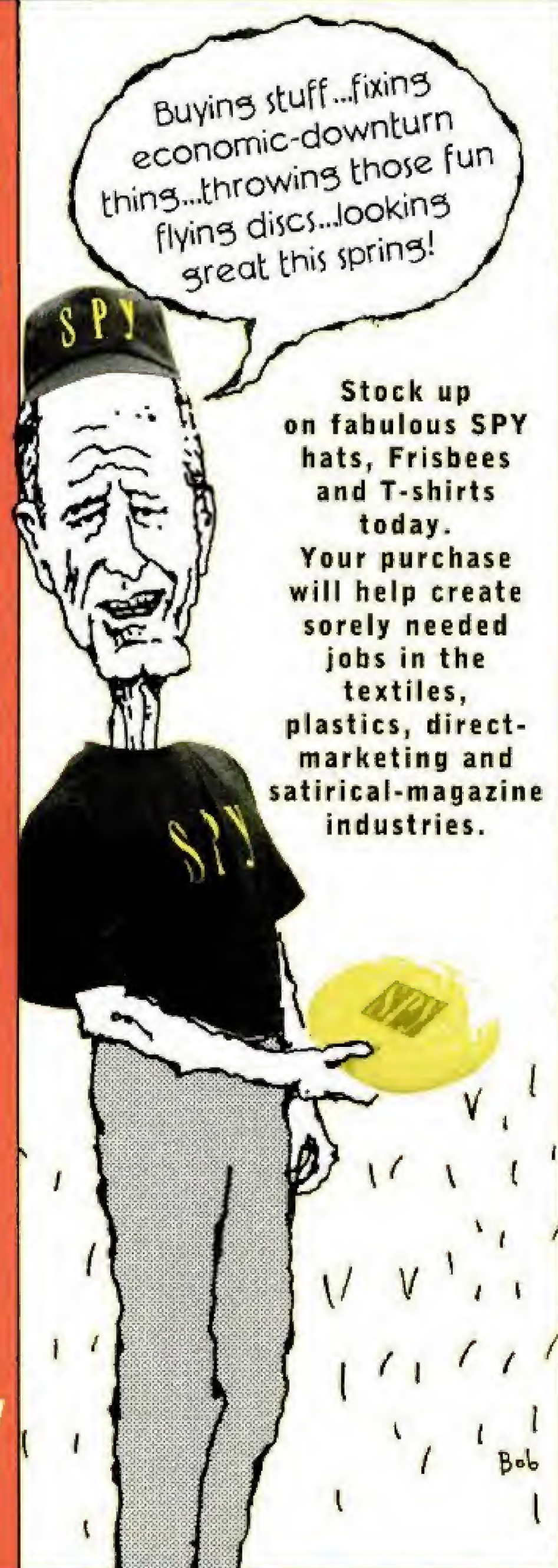
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HOW DID A
FORMER CIA MAN
TAKE OVER A TRIBE
OF IMPOVERISHED
INDIANS NEAR
PALM SPRINGS?

by John Connolly
with Eric Reguly

Badlands

WHY HAS AN
EXECUTION-STYLE
TRIPLE MURDER ON
THE RESERVATION
GONE UNSOLVED?
AND WHAT DOES
THIS HAVE TO
DO WITH CONTRAS,
SAUDI PRINCES,
CONSPIRACY
INVESTIGATORS AND
THE FOREIGN
POLICY OF THE
UNITED STATES?

ILLUSTRATION BY ALETHA REPPLE

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN AND AROUND the little towns of the Coachella Valley of southern California—Indio, Mecca, Thermal—have come to appreciate that they live in a land of illusion. Heat that rises from the baked earth distorts the way things look. Mountains that appear to be nearby are hundreds of miles away. The temperature, the scrub brush, the rattlesnakes and the great barren expanse tell you that you are in the desert, but just five feet below the surface an enormous pool of water percolates. Last year, Danny Casolaro, a reporter who was working on a story about the theft of a sophisticated computer program (what has come to be known as the Inslaw case), made plans to go to the Coachella Valley to pursue his investigation. Before he could go, he was found dead, an apparent suicide. One theory says that in the face of the complex material he grew despondent and killed himself. Another says he was murdered. We don't have the answer to that mystery, nor do we yet have a full picture of the great conspiracy Casolaro called



When asked how the tiny, ragtag tribe could get a contract to secure the safety of a Saudi prince, Nichols told SPY, "I know a lot of people"

the Octopus, which he said encompassed Inslaw and the October Surprise. But after a three-month investigation of our own, we do now understand one extraordinary part of this story; in future issues we will present more.

In 1978, 12 years before Casolaro began focusing on the Coachella Valley, an expert at applying for government grants arrived there from Florida. He had come to advise the Indian tribes of the desert on how to get government money. He was Dr. John Philip Nichols, and this land of illusion was the perfect place for him: The grandfatherly-looking Nichols was not what he said he was then, and he is not what he says he is now.

Nichols represented himself as a published expert on "socio-health and economic-development planning"; he said he had been active in this field, in both the United States and South America, for more than 25 years. His eleven-page résumé said he had spent more than 20 years working for Pro Plan International, an economic-development firm. It also said he had been a labor organizer, had managed a Coca-Cola operation in South America and was an ordained minister and a Ph.D.

Nichols must have made a good impression when he arrived, because he was immediately hired to administer the health-insurance fund of the Morongo Indians, one of the desert tribes. His relationship with the Morongos, however, was brief; they claimed he hadn't delivered the services he'd promised. But Nichols got a second chance, for he had also favorably impressed Joe Benitez, the tribal chairman of the Cabazon Band of Mission Indians of Indio, California.

In 1978 the Cabazons consisted of fewer than 30 people, only a few of whom lived near the Cabazons' three-square-mile reservation. None of them lived *on* the reservation, which is arid and barren and divided into three physically separate parcels, two of which abut a spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the third lying eleven miles distant.

Benitez, a poorly educated but decent man who had worked his entire life at menial jobs, was hopeful about what Nichols might do. After a series of meetings in which Benitez and Nichols were joined by three other Cabazons—among them Art Welmas, a then-alcoholic who would succeed Benitez as tribal chairman—Nichols was hired. Before long, the Bureau of Indian Affairs announced that it had awarded the Cabazons \$10,000 to pay for the services of a consultant—Dr. John Philip

Nichols—to develop tribal-management skills. It was as though the desert had bloomed. The Cabazons were astonished that this roly-poly white man had actually been able to help them. "We were so desperate," Welmas explains, "that when we got the \$10,000, we just ignored [his] trouble with the Morongos."

Within months, Nichols was making the tribe's important decisions for them. Although he could not officially run the tribe, which only a Cabazon was permitted to do, Nichols became its administrator. From this position he was able to control an entity that, according to legal precedent based on the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, was practically its own nation, with its own laws and territory. The ragtag Cabazons thought they had found a savior; John Nichols had certainly found more than that. He moved his family to Indio and began to talk about building a business empire.

Unfortunately for the Cabazons, none of them was in a position to double-check Nichols's résumé. Whether he earned a master beer brewer's certificate in 1947 can't be confirmed, but according to the Philathea Theological Seminary, which he lists as his alma mater, Nichols does not have a Ph.D. Nor, of course, does the résumé mention that in 1959, the union man Nichols was arrested in Milwaukee for mishandling Teamster funds, or that in 1964, he was arrested in Washington, D.C., on a fugitive warrant. "I took the fall for Hoffa and his friends," Nichols says now of the first case, "but nothing came of it anyway." Indeed, the charges were later dismissed. He denies that the second arrest happened. He is lying about this, though he has a good reason for thinking he can get away with it. If one asks about Nichols's history at the National Crime Information Center, the federal bureau that maintains a comprehensive record of arrests, one finds no record for John Philip Nichols. Interpol records in London, however, list both arrests. Either there has been a serious clerical error or Nichols has powerful connections with people in a position to have had his U.S. record expurgated.

FOR A WHILE AFTER THE INITIAL GRANT, there was little cash coming in to the tribe. This did not seem to concern Nichols. "The doctor always had money," says Welmas, who became tribal chairman after Nichols pressured Benitez into resigning. "Where and how he got it was always a

mystery." But soon enough, Nichols began building his business empire. One scheme involved selling tax-free cigarettes. Reasoning that the sovereign Cabazons were not subject to state or federal taxes, Nichols bought a secondhand trailer and began operating a tax-free mail-order cigarette company on the reservation. The business, which sold cartons for as little as \$8, was an incredible success. In the trailer, which had no air-conditioning, about ten people, not all of them Cabazons, worked all day filling orders. It is a measure of their poverty that Welmas says, with evident excitement, "We must have been making \$100 a week."

After two years, Nichols began selling tax-free liquor as well, but in 1983, the state of California sued the Cabazon businesses to recover the unpaid taxes, and won. However, neither California nor the federal government received any of the money they said was owed them. Where it all went is a mystery; the Cabazons, apart from meager salaries, received none of it.

Meanwhile, Nichols had more on his mind than cigarettes.

ONE DOESN'T NEED TO SPEND much time with John Nichols to realize that he likes to talk. A former friend says Nichols talks "like he was an expert on everything. His wife would tell him to hush because he talked too much." During the course of all this talk over the years, many people have heard him boast about knowing people in high places, and about his work with the CIA, including his participation in assassination attempts on Castro in Cuba and Allende in Chile. Nichols now denies ever having made such statements; "I'm just a simple social worker," he says. Be that as it may, Nichols must know somebody. SPY has obtained confidential corre-



Dances With Spooks: John Philip Nichols, second from left, and tribal chairman Art Welmas, center, with members of the tribe



Location, Location, Location: Above, Nichols's empire; below, the new electricity plant



spondence that indicates Nichols has wide-ranging contacts in the world of spooks, operatives and government officials. One can believe, with a wink and a chuckle, that a tribe of unsophisticated, dirt-poor desert Indians and a career social worker may have got mixed up in a harebrained cigarette scheme. It's something else again to accept the idea of that social worker's engaging his captive Indian tribe in the manufacture of air-fuel explosives and sophisticated

firearms, or in providing security for a Saudi Arabian prince. And yet, at various points between 1979 and 1984, Nichols tried to get the tribe involved in those very enterprises.

Much of this activity was supposed to have been accomplished as the result of joint ventures between the Cabazons and the \$600-million-a-year Wackenhut Corporation, a security company based in Coral Gables, Florida. George Wackenhut, who founded the company in 1954, is a former FBI gym instructor. Many of the company's top executives are veterans of the FBI and CIA. Among its corporate directors are former FBI director Clarence Kelley; Frank Carlucci, former secretary of Defense and CIA deputy director; General Joseph Carroll, former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency; and James J. Rowley, former director of the U.S. Secret Service. Its outside counsel before 1981 was William Casey, Ronald

Reagan's campaign chairman and his director of the CIA. The company operates in the U.S. and 39 foreign countries and at one time had more than 1-million files on individuals here and abroad.

We don't know everything that happened on the reservation, and we can't yet explain why everything happened as it did. But we have obtained a cache of confidential documents that disclose a range of activities

“Nichols admitted to me ordering the murders,” said his former bodyguard. “He said there was a U.S.-government covert action.”

more characteristic of a major international corporation than of a 25-member desert Indian tribe. Consider:

- In a letter to Nichols dated August 1, 1980, Robert Kirk, president of Wackenhut's international subsidiary, agreed that Wackenhut would “conduct a survey of Crown Prince Fahd's palace in Tiaf, Saudi Arabia, for the purposes of developing a complete security system.” The reason Kirk was writing to Nichols is that the Cabazons, strangely, were engaged in a joint venture with the Saudis. “Cabazon has provided Wackenhut with the plans of the palace at Tiaf,” a related document reads. Wackenhut's fee was \$90,650, which included the cost of Wackenhut representatives' meeting with “you and your client” in Saudi Arabia. When Nichols was asked how this inexperienced band of American Indians could get a contract to secure the safety of a prince in Saudi Arabia, he would say only, “I know a lot of people.”

- According to Nichols, in early 1980 a computer-programming expert and “scientific genius” was dispatched to the reservation by Wackenhut. His name was Michael Riconosciuto; Nichols described him as “an important asset to that company.” Perhaps he was, but he had also been a drug dealer. On October 4, 1972, less than a month after being arrested by federal agents on charges of manufacturing PCP and LSD, he was arrested by Seattle police for breaking into the home of one of his drug suppliers. Records show, oddly enough, that he was “convicted” of grand larceny the same day and given a 15-year sentence. On the very next day, his sentence was suspended; no doubt he had agreed to become an informer. As in the case of Nichols, his convictions have been expunged by U.S. authorities, though his criminal history is still in Interpol's files. Earlier this year, Riconosciuto was convicted in federal court in Seattle, again on drug charges. From his prison cell he has claimed, often but not always credibly, to have been involved in the Inslaw case and in the October Surprise conspiracy. He may have been. But the interesting question is, what was he doing on the Cabazon reservation in 1980? Why was a convicted drug dealer working for Wackenhut?

- In 1979, Nichols met Peter Zokosky, the husband of the mayor of Indio. Zokosky had been president of Armtech, an ammunition manufacturer, and Nichols recruited him to help in the development of what he thought would become Cabazon Arms, an arms manufacturer that would be a joint venture between the

Indians and Wackenhut. Zokosky's dealings with Nichols have not proved altogether happy. “I have found myself involved with drug dealers, schemers, contras and murderers,” he says. During the course of his involvement with Nichols, a number of curious projects were contemplated and researched. Prominent among these was the construction of a weapons factory on the reservation. In 1981, Zokosky accompanied Nichols and A. Robert Frye, a Wackenhut vice president, on a trip to Quebec to discuss the Cabazon-Wackenhut purchase of Valleyfield Chemical Products Corporation, which makes weapons propellants, for \$18 million. (That deal fell through after the Canadian government objected.) Zokosky, Frye and Nichols also traveled to New Jersey, Indiana and Washington, D.C., to arrange for the manufacture of combustible cartridge cases and 300 pairs of night-vision goggles.

Bob Frye's internal memorandum to his superiors at Wackenhut says the goggles were for sale to the government of Guatemala, but Zokosky disputes this. He clearly recalls that the goggles were intended for the Nicaraguan contra guerrillas. One reason this fact is so clear in his mind is that on the evening of September 10, 1981, he, along with Nichols, Riconosciuto and Nichols's bodyguard, a Vietnam vet named Jimmy Hughes, watched a demonstration of the goggles' efficacy at a police firing range in Lake Cahuilla, California. The demonstration, which lasted about two hours, was held for the benefit of three customers. Zokosky and others present say the men were Nicaraguan contras and that one of them was Eden Pastora, the contra known as Commander Zero.

The Cabazons' interest in armaments was longstanding. On May 12, 1983, the Cabazons wrote a letter to La France Specialties, a San Diego company that makes sophisticated weapons, to discuss, again, building a factory on the reservation. “We need know-how from an organization engaged in the manufacturing of armaments of various types, all consisting of technology not currently found on the marketplace,” the letter says. The next day, La France was sent a second letter, which listed the initial items to be manufactured: a 9mm machine pistol, an assault rifle with laser sighting, a long-distance sniper rifle with a one-mile-plus range, a portable rocket system, a night-vision scope and a battlefield communication system “that cannot be detected by current technology.” This appeared to be a

matter of some urgency; the letter said they wanted to manufacture most of these items within 90 days.

Why did the Cabazons want to build such sophisticated weapons in such a hurry? The answer may have something to do with the fact that on May 13, the day after the first letter went to La France, a House intelligence committee passed HR 2760, a bill that would have extended restrictions on helping the contras. At that time, the Boland Amendment prohibited the CIA and the Defense Department from arming the anti-Sandinista guerrillas; this new bill would have prohibited *all* government intelligence agencies and entities from helping the contras—including, significantly, the White House's National Security Council and Colonel Oliver North.

Why would Wackenhut want to be involved with the Cabazons? Knowledgeable observers suggest two reasons. First, the joint Cabazon-Wackenhut entity would be permitted to bid for government contracts that had been set aside for members of minority groups, and indeed, Nichols confirms that that happened. Second, dealing with the Cabazons might allow Wackenhut certain liberties it did not enjoy on its own. To sell weapons to foreign customers, Wackenhut would have needed an export license from the U.S. government. It would be a simple enough matter to obtain the license to sell to foreign governments and recognized dealers, but if Wackenhut wanted to sell to the contras, or to the right-wing ARENA party in El Salvador, no licenses were available. If, on the other hand, Wackenhut arranged the sale through its partners, the Cabazons—a sovereign entity on sovereign land—well, that might be a different story. At least, one could argue that in court.

FEW CABAZONS QUESTIONED Nichols's direction. Most were too unsophisticated, and besides, why argue with success? But one of them, Fred Alvarez, suspected that Nichols was mismanaging the tribe's money and became an outspoken critic. He knew this was dangerous business. "My life is on the line," Al-



Agitator Fred Alvarez wanted Nichols and Wackenhut out; his murder remains unsolved.



Above, police videotaped Nichols on his way to hire hit men; below, Nichols shortly after his arrest



varez told the *Indio Daily News* in June 1981. "There are people out there [on the reservation] who want to kill me."

"At first my brother was part of Nichols's inner circle," says Linda Streeter, Alvarez's sister, "but when [he] opposed some of his schemes, they started sending him on trips. In early June [1981] they sent Fred to Denver to attend a conference." She says that while he was at the conference, someone offered him a large amount of money to carry drugs back. Alvarez refused. "When he got off the plane," she says, "the police grabbed him, threw him spread-eagle against a car and searched him and his bags."

Alvarez's mother, Phyllis, recalls that only Nichols and his son John Paul

knew that Alvarez had gone to Denver. "[Fred] told me that he was sure Nichols was going to get rid of him for good," his sister says.

After this, Alvarez stepped up his campaign against Nichols, but he didn't do much to protect himself. On the morning of July 1, 1981, Alvarez was scheduled to meet with an attorney and former chairman Joe Benitez to discuss how to oust Nichols from the reservation. When Benitez arrived at Alvarez's Rancho Mirage home, he came upon a grisly scene. The body of Fred Alvarez was slumped in a wooden chair. He had been shot once in the temple. The bodies of his girlfriend and another friend were nearby, similarly executed.

Almost eleven years later, this triple homicide remains unsolved. In interviews, law-enforcement officials familiar with the case say the police conducted "a lousy investigation." They say one of the detectives assigned to the case was going on vacation in two days and conducted a cursory inquiry. The officials also say the detective was friendly with Nichols.

For the next three years, the investigation languished. In 1984, however, Jimmy Hughes, Nichols's bodyguard, told Indio police officials he had acted as Nichols's bagman for the Alvarez murders. Hughes told the police that after the murders, Nichols and two of his sons, John Paul and Mark, counted out \$5,000 in front of him and told him to

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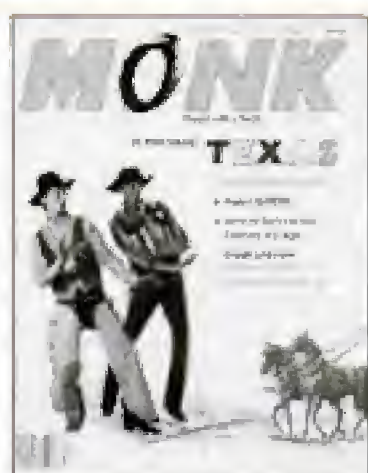
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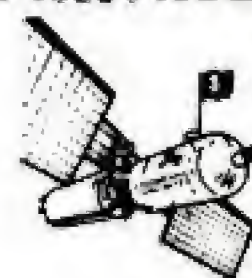
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13	<i>Rip-Off Press</i> —Subscription	\$1.00
14	Loompanics Unlimited Book Catalog	\$5.00
15	<i>Private Lives of Public Figures</i> — T-shirt	\$15.00
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17	<i>Baffler</i> —Sample copy	\$5.00
18	<i>Baffler</i> —Subscription	\$9.00
19	<i>The Quayle Quarterly</i> —Sample copy	\$3.95
20	<i>The Quayle Quarterly</i> —Subscription	\$14.95

"The police are jealous of us," says the tribal chairman. "We can kill somebody here, and they can't do anything about it."

deliver the money to two men in Idyllwild, a nearby town. The money, Hughes said, was the balance owed for the murder of Alvarez.

After Hughes spoke to the police, he was interviewed by the FBI and offered a spot in the witness-protection program, which he refused. Instead, he went on the run, hiding out until a deal could be arranged with the Riverside County district attorney, who gave Hughes immunity. After testifying on videotape, Hughes held a press conference, during which he made a startling accusation: "Nichols admitted to me the ordering of the Alvarez murder. He stated there was a U.S.-government covert action.... Pressures from unknown Washington, D.C., government agencies have caused a possible shutdown of this case."

Hughes also told reporters why he declined the FBI's offer to participate in the witness-protection program: "Nichols has made a deal with the FBI through the Wackenhut Corporation," he said. "Possibly...he himself has been protected by the FBI." He said the plan was to manufacture arms that were going to be shipped to Central America, and that Alvarez was interfering with that scheme. He said he believed that the government was connected to Wackenhut, but he couldn't comment further without endangering other people's lives. He mentioned in particular a deal Nichols was arranging to broker arms for contra leader Raul Arana, who was going to lead an invasion of Nicaragua. He also maintained that the investigation of the Alvarez murders had been impeded by "an agency out of Washington, D.C." Pressed for specifics, he said, "The FBI is small potatoes compared to the agency."

After Hughes came forward, Patrick Kenneally, an investigator for the Riverside County D.A., sought to pursue these allegations. First Kenneally was inexplicably transferred off the case. Then, when he continued the investigation on his own, he received a death threat. He soon quit the force and moved to the Midwest.

Since then, the murder case has gone nowhere. Asked if he had seen the videotape of Hughes's testimony, one current Riverside County law-enforcement official told me this winter, "I've been meaning to get around to that." Today Jimmy Hughes lives in hiding in South America.

Alvarez was murdered around the time that Nichols, Zokosky and Wackenhut's Frye were on their tour of

munitions installations. Zokosky told SPY the trio spent six days in Canada, ostensibly to discuss the Valleyfield deal, but very little happened. "I felt like they were stalling," he says. "We had no meetings scheduled." His patience exhausted, Zokosky returned home. The following morning, Alvarez was found murdered. Nichols returned to Indio the next day. Zokosky went to the Cabazon offices to tell Nichols about Alvarez's murder. "Nichols seemed unaffected, like he already knew," Zokosky says. "He dialed a number and asked for Bob Frye. 'Alvarez has been murdered,' he said into the phone a few seconds later. After another few seconds, Nichols said, 'Okay, so long,' and hung up." At the time, Peter Zokosky could not understand Nichols's equanimity.

A decade has passed since the killings, but their lesson remains clear. When John James, the current tribal chairman, explained the concept of tribal sovereignty to me, he chose an interesting example: "The police are jealous of us. We can do whatever we want here. We can shoot or kill somebody here, and they can't do anything about it."

IN THE YEARS SINCE THE ALVAREZ MURDERS, Nichols's amazing business ventures have continued. In 1983 the Cabazons were given clearance to manufacture weapons by the Department of Defense. Also that year, Nichols held discussions with Stormont Laboratories, a company based in Woodlawn, California, that performs genetic engineering, about developing and manufacturing a biological-weapons detector on the reservation. Later, Nichols wrote to Dr. Harry Fair, a leading propulsion-technology expert, describing the "reservation's ability to manufacture a 9mm [submachine gun] at a cost of \$75 per gun. The weapon...meets all the needs of the small, poor democracy."

The Cabazons have gone into ventures of their own as well. In March 1983 the tribe opened a bingo parlor on the reservation. One source of capital was a \$90,000 grant from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, which had been awarded to enable the Cabazons to build a museum. Soon after, the state accused the Cabazons of violating California's gambling laws. Nichols took the case to the Supreme Court, and the Cabazons won. Today there is gambling on Indian reservations in 19 states; Nichols's dream of exploiting a

tribe's sovereign-nation status has been authorized by the highest court in the land.

AFTER NICHOLS'S WIFE DIED IN 1984, THE simple social worker, then 60 years old, took up with a 27-year-old girlfriend. This romance had its problems, in particular the woman's addiction to heroin. Nichols, who claims to be a drug counselor and a licensed hypnotherapist, took a very radical approach to her treatment: He tried to hire a local thug to kill the people he believed were supplying her with drugs.

Unfortunately for Nichols, the woman with whom he tried to arrange the killings was an undercover police informer who was wearing a wire. Police tapes recorded Nichols nonchalantly saying, "I'll pay 500 and 500"—that is, \$500 for each of two murders. Nichols said he didn't care how the murders were committed, and he broached the possibility of future assignments. "I need some work done in Latin America," he said. "I do a lot of business down there." He also suggested that the killer move to Las Vegas and "not freelance, but work out a guaranteed income."

Nichols was arrested in January 1985 and charged with soliciting the murder of five people. But the case, oddly, never came to trial, despite the unequivocal tape-recorded evidence. The Riverside County district attorney accepted a most unusual plea to a murder-conspiracy case: Nichols pleaded no contest to two counts and was sentenced to four years. He served 18 months. Today, John Nichols's only official connection to the reservation is as mental-health counselor to Cabazon employees.

WITH NICHOLS IN prison, management of the Nichols-Cabazon empire was turned over to his 30-year-old son John Paul, who expanded the family business. Equipped with an M.B.A. from Claremont College (his studies were underwritten by the Cabazons), John Paul began construction of a 30,000-square-foot casino-bingo hall. He also closed a deal with the Colmac Corporation to build a \$150 million power plant on part of the reservation, which was completed

last year. Not one of the plant's 60 jobs has been filled by an Indian.

In 1990, John Paul passed the reins to his younger brother Mark. The old man was not eligible to resume control, since his felony conviction precluded any involvement with legal gambling. Apparently, the authorities are willing to overlook, or perhaps do not know, that Mark was convicted of the sale and possession of cocaine and LSD in Florida in 1978, for which he served six months in jail.

In 1985, Mark Nichols married Virginia Welmas, a tribe member who is not related to Art Welmas. Mrs. Nichols is now treasurer and secretary of the Cabazon Business Committee. Not to be outdone by his father and brother, Mark has also shown some entrepreneurial oomph. Two years ago he opened a pari-mutuel offtrack-betting parlor on the reservation, which he got HUD to pay for.

There was a little controversy last spring, when former chairman Art Welmas, together with Fred Alvarez's sister, Linda Streeter, intended to oust the Nicholises at a tribal meeting. Armed guards prevented Streeter and Welmas from entering the meeting; instead of having their accusations discussed, they were accused of talking to the press, and Linda was accused of stealing food from the tribe—namely, two Cokes. At the urging of Mark Nichols, the tribe voted to expel Streeter and Welmas for 20 and 10 years, respectively, and fine them \$50,000 each. Today, Streeter lives in hiding outside California. An effort to evict Welmas from his home was not successful. "The Nicholises wanted me off," he says, but he refused to go. "I told them I'd shoot them dead if they came into my house. This is my land. This is Indian land."

According to Mark Nichols, the reservation's revenues this year should amount to about \$32 million. He seemed very pleased to tell me that last year, every member of the tribe received \$35,000. He neglected to say, however, that the \$35,000 disbursement was a onetime payment, handed out because the state had bought a piece of reservation land. In January of this year, as usual, each member of the tribe received a share of the profits. They got \$150 apiece. **D**

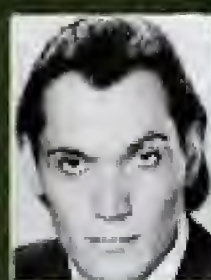
1993 MOVIE OF THE WEEK

BURY MY HEART JUST EAST OF PALM SPRINGS

A reporter for a New York-based satirical monthly uncovers an ex-CIA agent's plot to take over an Indian reservation and sell guns to Central America. With...



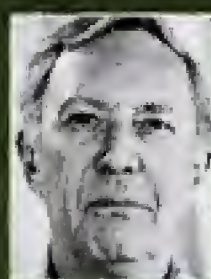
Marlon Brando as Nichols



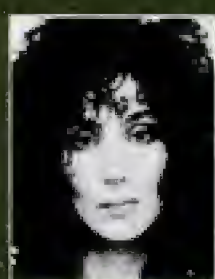
Jimmy Smits as Alvarez



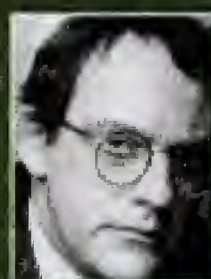
Gene Hackman as Connolly



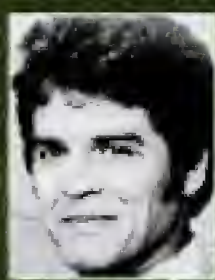
Mason Adams as William Casey



Cher as Little Feather



Christopher Lloyd as Riconosciuto



and Erik Estrada as Commander Zero

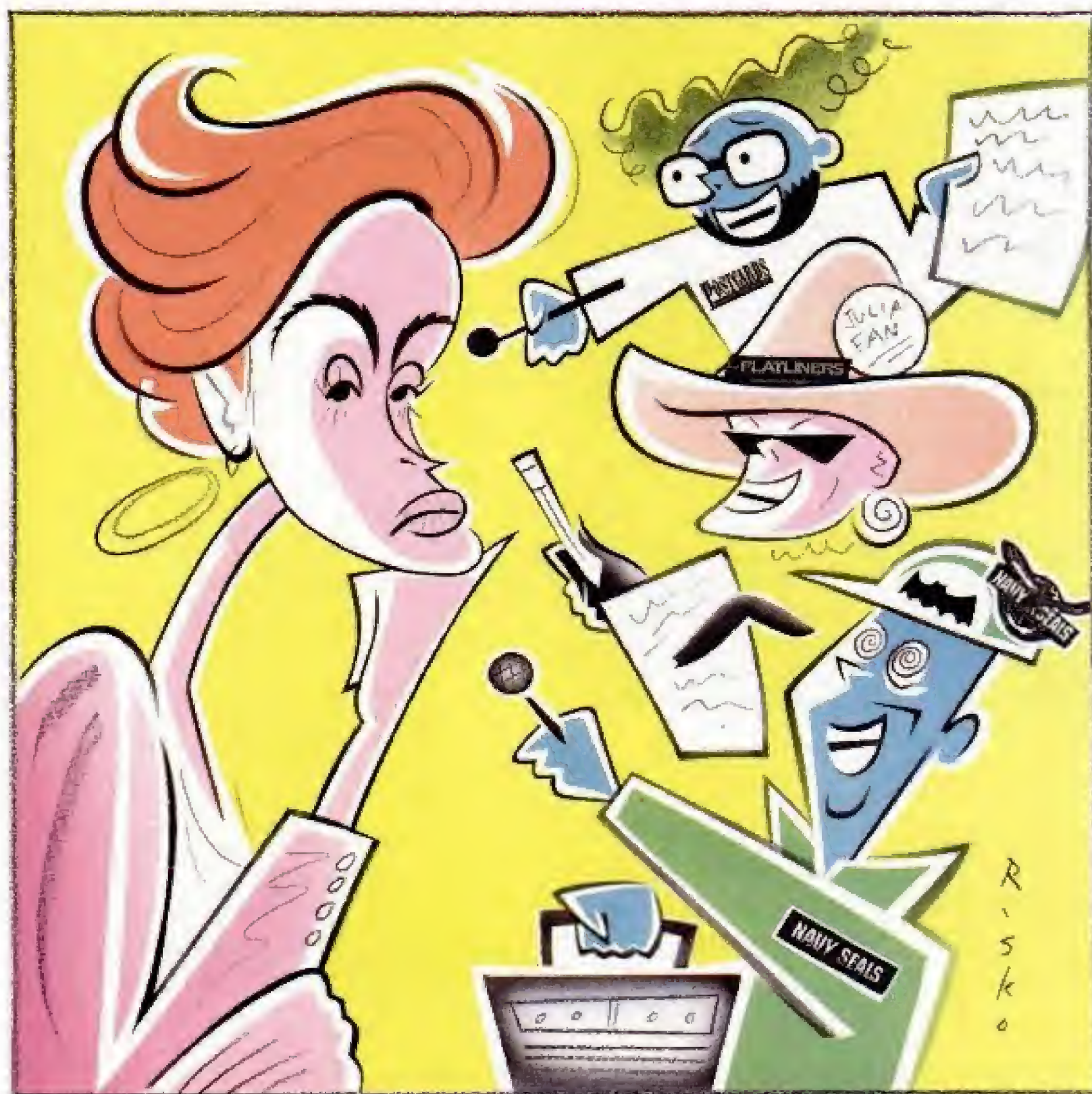
by Richard Roeper

YOU PROBABLY THINK JULIA ROBERTS and Bruce Willis (you know, Bruno) and Michelle Pfeiffer and Meryl hang only with other movie stars, but I used to see them all the time.

I know Cher from Vail, Patrick Swayze from New York, Mel Gibson from London. You probably also think big stars are the only people Fox and Warners fly first-class all over the country and the world, putting them up in ultra-pricey hotels like

a STAR is BORED

FREE CHAMPAGNE? LIMOS? THE PLAZA?
THE SWAYZEMAN AND MERYL STUPID



the Four Seasons in Beverly Hills or The Plaza in New York (which, by the way, Trump has ruined) and paying for the limos and the champagne by the pool and the \$21 room-service cheeseburgers. But it's not only stars who live like this on the studios' dime—it's also the journalists who write about them. And in a way, being a reporter is much better than being a movie star: Movie stars have to talk to reporters.

The reason reporters can live the all-expenses-paid high life is a strange institution known to the movie business as the press junket. Without press junkets, you would never read that up-close-and-personal profile of Melanie Griffith in your local newspaper, or see that exclusive interview with Steve Martin on the late news. The press junket is a manic publicity event that in a single two- or three-day spree will produce more than 100 interviews with a single star. For television, a makeshift studio with two cameras is set up, and each reporter gets

about six minutes with the principals of a film. Print reporters sit at a table with eight or nine other journalists and are given about 20 minutes with each subject. None of the stories that result from a junket will describe the actual circumstances of the interview; they will all suggest that the reporters had a relaxed, intimate chat with the star. As Tom Hanks said when I once managed talk to him alone during a press trip, "No one ever says, 'Tom was brought to this hotel that he's never been to before for the specific purpose of sitting in one place and answering the same questions over and over and over again.' " The insane assembly-line nature of the event is only part of the story, however; to the reporters, it's by far the most inconsequential part.

When they fly the press to meet the stars, the studios pay for *everything*. "Enclosed please find your [first-class] airline ticket and a tentative itinerary for the *Fabulous Baker Boys* junket in Los Angeles," reads a letter I received from 20th Century Fox during the recent 20 months I spent as an entertainment reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "When you arrive...please

ALL FOR ASKING JULIA AND SOFTBALL QUESTIONS? YES! CHARLIE SHEEN, TOO.

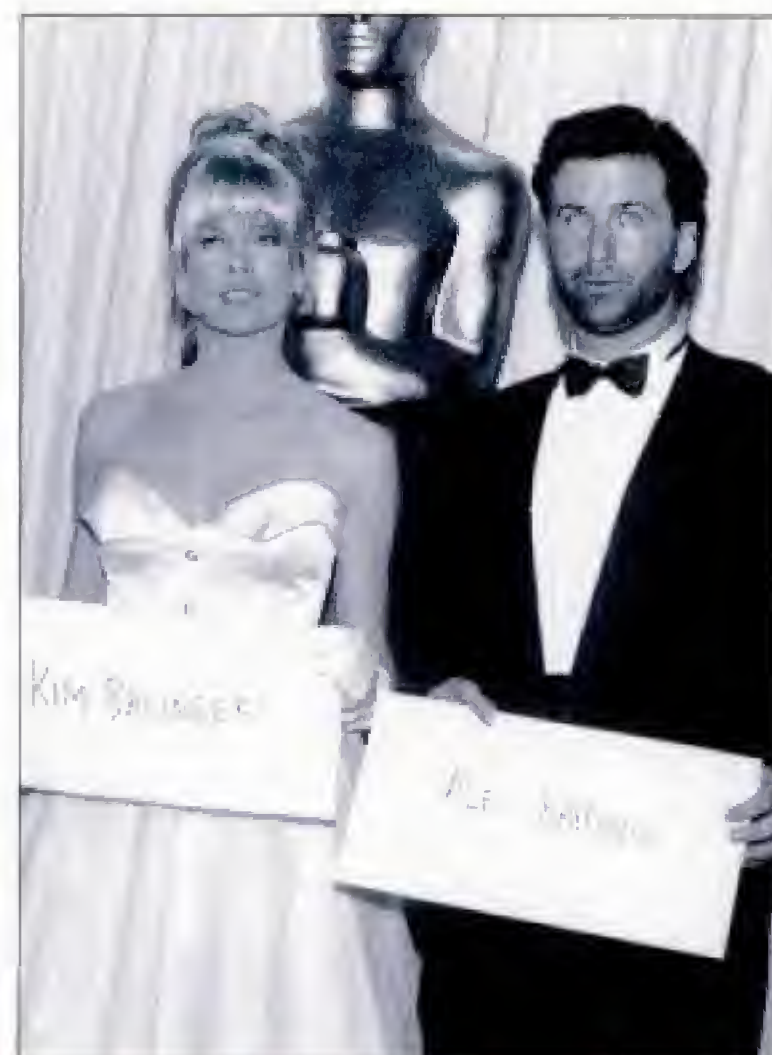
take a taxi to the Four Seasons Hotel...and check in at the Fox Hospitality Suite to...be reimbursed for your cab fare. Please note that...Fox will incur all room, tax, and room service charges." Noted. Only on a junket will you see reporters actually fighting one another for the check at the hotel bar—as soon as somebody signs, the bill simply disappears. Reporters on a press trip never go out for dinner except when the studio hosts a group expedition to some fabulously stylish and expensive restaurant. Otherwise, they stay in their rooms, racking up pay-per-view-movie charges and ordering the entire room-service menu. Strangely enough, the stories the reporters write are always very positive.

SINCE SHIRLEY (MACLAINE) WAS PLAYING CAESARS (Palace), the junket for *Postcards (from the Edge)* was held in (Las) Vegas. Which means Meryl Streep once spent a weekend in Las Vegas. Over one dizzying afternoon, Shirley, Meryl, Richard Dreyfuss, Dennis Quaid, Mike Nichols and Carrie Fisher all stopped by my table. The event was so large, even Gene Siskel attended (bigshots such as Siskel and Roger Ebert are naturally given private time with stars and thus can avoid press trips).

I still have the tapes of that day, when Shirley talked about Warren ("I think [working with him] would be terrific, [but] a love scene would be difficult. I'd probably say, 'Uh-uh—that's not the way I like it'"), and Meryl anticipated losing the lead in the now-shelved *Evita* to Madonna ("I can sing better than she can"), and Richard and Carrie and Dennis talked about drinking and drugs, and Mike talked about Eastern Europe. At the end of it all, a writer from New York clasped his hands together and said, without irony, "I'll be running stories on this movie for a solid month!"

Never let it be said that the stars do not suffer for their publicity as well as their art. Since I was a reporter for a Chicago daily, I was frequently allowed to conduct brief one-on-one interviews. I sometimes used this opportunity to ask a star his or her feelings about junkets. Michelle Pfeiffer stuck her tongue out. Julia Roberts said they were a "fucking drag." Carrie Fisher threw herself on the floor and screamed.

I admit I was personally responsible for making a junket unpleasant for Glenn Close. About ten reporters were interviewing her when she was



Top, two actors; bottom, Spike Lee withstands the pain of being the center of attention.

promoting her unforgettable film *Immediate Family*. For most of the session, Close was a warm, fuzzy, herbal-tea-sipping earth mother, pleasantly answering questions about her favorite movies, the joys of motherhood and the wonderful, wonderful soundtrack for the film. I then made a terrible faux pas.

"Speaking of music," I said as naturally as I could, "you have an interesting background in that area. I understand you were with the group Up With People for five years, and I was wondering if you could tell us about that experience."

The warm smile instantly gave way to a psychopathic stare. "I don't like talking about it," Close said.

"In this day and age of labeling, forget it. I'm not going to open myself up to that kind of shit."

After Close bid us a frosty farewell, several of my tablemates, all fellow journalists, admonished me for my bad behavior. "I can't believe you did that," said one reporter.

"So I can write your impressions," she said.

"But you do understand the character, right? But I should describe it, then we're both in sync. He's the kind of guy that's very much hooked on adrenaline, okay? You have gotten off the Tuinal, haven't you?"

It was downhill from there. Asked about an upcoming project, Sheen said, "It's kind of a story of...of...What am I looking for? Throw something out. Anybody? Anyone? Throw something out." An imaginative reporter suggested "relationships," to which Sheen replied, "Well,

AS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT SINGING WITH THE "FORGET IT. I'M NOT GOING TO OPEN MYSELF

"Everyone knows Glenn doesn't talk about Up With People. What's wrong with you? You got her mad at us." I felt terrible, especially for Glenn, but I now realized that the restrictions publicists place on reporters' questions—"You can't ask James Woods about Sean Young," "You can't ask Bruce Willis about his family"—are really unnecessary; no one on a junket is going to ask anything unpleasant, anyway.

Promoting Navy SEALs, Charlie Sheen posed a special challenge to the press. Instead of merely avoiding unpleasantness, reporters now had to cover it up actively. Sheen appeared at noon in a blue pinstripe suit and a yellow fedora, drinking something that looked an awful lot like a screwdriver. When an Italian reporter asked him to describe the character he was playing, this was his answer: "The character. Describe the character. You saw the movie. So why should I describe the character?"

relationships, yeah, and...it's an education of the spirits." His comment on the roles he gets was, "I am more comfortable killing than making love." Later that day, Sheen was holding court in the hotel bar, buying drinks for everyone who stopped by—including reporters who were already getting drinks for free.

Of course, practically none of the stories that came out several weeks later even mentioned Sheen's erratic behavior. His answers were cleaned up, and his bizarreness was rarely even mentioned.

Charlie Sheen can almost be forgiven; responding to reporters during a junket might drive anyone mad. Here are some of the questions asked of Julia Roberts when she sat at my table doing publicity for *Flatliners*. (The reporters were from the *San Antonio Light*, *USA Today*, *The Kansas City Star* and *The Miami Herald*, among other publications.)

Q: You got your hair cut?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Do you go to bed at night saying, "I still can't believe this," or is it like every dream's come true?

A: I don't really ponder it a lot....

Q: Do people recognize you all the time now? Have you found that part of it like *Pretty Woman*?

A: Yeah....

Q: Do they {strangers} say, "We loved you in the movie"?

A: People have been really nice....

Q: *Flatliners* was a very thought-provoking movie for people. What are your thoughts?

A: My thoughts were provoked....

Q: Well, this was a double delight...I guess, 'cause you had a director that you

"MY CHARACTER IS THE KIND OF GUY THAT'S SAID CHARLIE SHEEN. "YOU



"Floor it!" Julia Roberts seems suspiciously good-humored as the press surrounds her car.

loved, a part that you loved, and then you fell in love. Did it make the movie any better? Is it the best movie you've ever been on? Because of that romance?

A: ...It's nice....

Q: Is it a little embarrassing to feel yourself flattered in print? When you're reading it, do you feel a little self-conscious or, you know, that people are feeling about you in this way?

A: Kind of, but not really....

Q: That's a nice ring

A: Thank you....

Q: How about just enjoying a film in an abstract way and looking at it over the years?

A: I've always been a real Katharine Hepburn fanatic....

Q: Does music make you happy? What type of music?

A: ...Elvis Costello....

Q: Can I ask a question that's completely unrelated? When you were growing up, did you have a favorite toy?

A: ...My Winnie the Pooh bear....

Junkets may require journalists to sell their souls, but to get a story like this, no cost is too great.

THE MARKETING, ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION BUDGET FOR A MAJOR-STUDIO movie may run as high as \$50 million, and averages around \$20 million.

film company that if I showed up on the junket, not only would he not talk to me, he wouldn't talk to anyone and would in effect cancel the entire weekend, because I supposedly insulted his wife. Needless to say, I was disinvented from the *Cocktail* junket."

GROUP "UP WITH PEOPLE," GLENN CLOSE SAID, UP TO THAT SHIT."

Typically, about \$200,000 will be spent on the press junket. That relatively small amount pays for scores, and sometimes hundreds, of puff-piece newspaper profiles and enthusiastic television interviews. To the studio, the journalists are nothing more or less than cogs in the publicity machine—a marketing executive at one major studio once blithely told the *Chicago Tribune*, "[The reporters] become important public-relations representatives." What's really amazing is that this is how the reporters see themselves.

At a junket for *F/X 2*, a flack from Orion told a group of reporters that before she brought out Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy, she wanted to convey a "personal" message to the journalists. "Many of you were on the junkets for *Dances With Wolves* and *Silence of the Lambs*, and I want to let you know how grateful we are for all the great stories you did," she chirped. "You were partially responsible for the success of those films!"

A journalist from Milwaukee turned to me and said, with utter earnestness, "It's nice to be appreciated like that, isn't it?"

As a daily columnist, I never accept even a drink from a source. Entertainment journalists not only receive first-class airfare and free meals and hotel rooms but become pettish about it—almost as if they were owed something. For example, one junket tradition is the "freebie packet," which always includes a cool, not-available-to-the-public item like a hat or



Cher enjoys quiet time in a serene setting. (The bench has a three-picture deal over at TriStar.)

Fortunately, most junketeers have no interest whatsoever in stirring up trouble. They don't want to give up their deluxe weekend trips to see their pals Julia and Bruno and Dustin and Michelle. One veteran reporter always asks the stars to sign

VERY MUCH HOOKED ON ADRENALINE, OKAY?" HAVE GOTTEN OFF THE TUINAL, HAVEN'T YOU?"

sweatshirt (I still prize my *Narrow Margin* traveling bag); reporters have begun to complain that the quality of the gifts has declined.

"We used to get clocks and hooded sweatshirts and paperweights," said a writer from Ohio. "Now we get cheap T-shirts that shrink when you wash 'em."

But imagine getting nothing at all! After Jami Bernard of the *New York Post* wrote an amusing behind-the-scenes piece for a video magazine about the publicity for *Steel Magnolias*, Columbia unofficially banned her from all press events for months. Universal had a similarly generous response to a journalist after he wrote a negative story about Richard Dreyfuss. A negative story about Richard Dreyfuss? Such a thing hardly seems possible.

An entertainment writer from the East Coast confessed to me that he once nearly ruined a weekend for all his colleagues. "I did a piece on Mimi Rogers that apparently infuriated her," he said. "Later on, when the press junket for *Cocktail* was being organized, [Rogers's then husband] Tom Cruise told the

his press-packet glossies; back home in upstate New York, he owns a restaurant where the walls are covered with the autographed photos.

"I'm a big deal where I come from," he says. "People come into my restaurant and they see that I'm friends with every major star in the business, and they're impressed. And behind every one of those photos is a story I can tell about a particular star."

A very up story. ☾



Outside our flagship Bunny Burgers™ outlet in a New Jersey mall, a brave shopper clutches her souvenir rabbit's foot to ward off bad bunny spirits; *right*, young Bunny Burgers™ service employee

LET THEM EAT

dURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS, THE PUBLIC-RELATIONS AND MARKETING professions have come under intense criticism. Hill and Knowlton has been pilloried for representing the Church of Scientology and BCCI. The mere fact that he worked as a PR man-lobbyist has caused Paul Tsongas political problems. And packaged-goods companies have been accused of improperly targeting certain groups—young people, blacks—with harmful products. These brouhahas all derive from three popular presumptions: (1) The PR industry is providing its clients with a false or skewed impression of the real attitudes of the public; (2) these firms will take on anyone as a client, as long as the price is right; and (3) modern marketing techniques are so sophisticated that people can be sold anything, whether they want it or not.

Even before these recent controversies arose, we had begun a clandestine investigation of the American PR and marketing industries. To accomplish this, we decided to dream up a doomed company with a terrible name, then invent a couple of bogus deep-pockets Japanese investors who'd be bank-rolling the idiotic



BUNNIES!

by Andy Aaron and Joe Queenan

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OSCAR ABOLAFIA

APRIL 1992 SPY 57

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Clockwise from top, the comprehensive Bunny Burgers™ business plan; Bunny Burgers™ president Bob Jansen conducts corporate business, simulating in-flight ambience with hair dryer; our Japanese billionaire decorates the PR powwow at the Ritz-Carlton.

venture, then contact PR firms of various sizes and ask whether they'd be interested in representing us, and *then* take our stupid company with its ridiculous name out into the consumer marketplace.

We needed to come up with a venture that would have the look and feel of a big, well-financed, image-driven, Madison Avenue-created powerhouse yet somehow lack fundamental common sense. The bad idea we settled upon was simple and all-American: a fast-food chain called Bunny Burgers™ Inc., which would be selling ground rabbit, as well as salads and french-fried carrots, at dozens of outlets in the eastern United States and Canada. The company could follow the Red Lobster model—diners would have the opportunity to pick their own bunnies ("Tuesday Is P.Y.O.B. Night!™") for broiling. The whole idea appealed to us because it simultaneously evoked sweetness and made the skin crawl.

We invited nine PR firms to bid on the account and assist us in determining whether the concept was feasible, public-relations-wise, and

if so, what measures could be taken to mitigate public hostility toward the consumption of bunny meat at a time of burgeoning sensitivity toward the animals with whom we share this fragile planet. At the outset, we feared that PR firms would hang up on us when we phoned to describe our fictitious enterprise and ask for their help.

None of the firms hung up on us.

PHASE I THE STING

The first step was to make our bogus company look legitimate. We designed and printed suitably impressive stationery and business cards and established a phone line with an answering machine. But the most important artifact was our daunting 24-page business plan and Corporate Overview, which would provide interested PR firms with a quick immersion course in the history of the bunny industry, plus a detailed discussion of Bunny Burgers™'s marketing and financial objectives.

For this, we spruced up a Vancouver Stock Exchange prospectus is-

sued a few years ago by a real company that was raising venture capital to market a race of super-rabbits. We tore off the front page, which displayed the name of the real company—Ultima International—and replaced it with our Corporate Overview, which contained, among other things, references to "Canadian GAAP regulations." The remainder of the prospectus, which listed typical cuts of antelope meat and included a reference to the *Journal of Applied Rabbit Research*, was left intact.

TECHNICAL NOTE

When attempting to bait highly respected PR firms that represent important clients such as Chrysler and Haggard Apparel Co., always toss off arcane, serious-sounding references that no one will understand, such as to Canadian GAAP (Generally Accepted Accounting Principles) regulations.

The prospectus noted that Bunny Burgers™ Inc. was "the first American fast-food franchise specializing in burgers made entirely out of rabbit meat" and would target "gastro-nomically adventurous diner[s]" looking for leaner, more nutritious fast food. We informed the PR firms that in our first phase we would be opening 26 outlets in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Ohio, as well as 4 in southern Ontario.

TECHNICAL NOTE

When attempting to bait highly respected PR firms, always mention target markets in places such as southern Ontario. PR firms are always impressed by references to burgeoning markets in unglamorous places with which they are unfamiliar.

To reinforce the impression that ours was a vital, legitimate enterprise, we concocted references to the nutritional virtues of rabbit meat in *The New York Times*, *Meat & Poultry* and even the spurious *Civet & Lapin*. We also noted that the company had the financial backing of two Asian investors with experience in Australian and Canadian industry.

The next step was to phone the PR firms to determine their interest in bidding for our account, which might eventually, we lied, be worth several million dollars to them. Al-

though we had great confidence in our business plan, during some conversations with PR agents we blew a Conair Prostyle Mini 500 portable hair dryer directly into the phone's mouthpiece to support our assertion that the call was being made from a private Gulfstream IV jet over the Hawaiian island of Lanai. We also invented a Japanese billionaire, Hidehiko Takada, who was helping to bankroll the project. We described our shadowy billionaire as a titan in the booming Osaka construction industry and an amateur gourmet chef.

We were immensely gratified by the response: All nine of the PR firms we contacted expressed an interest in meeting with us *as soon as possible*. We made it clear that although we had solid financial footing for the venture, we were a bit concerned that members of the dining public might be offended by the notion of paying to have a cute, fuzzy rabbit flayed, hacked to pieces, fried on a gas-fired industrial griddle, then served on a nutritious sesame-seed bun. We knew we couldn't go it alone, we told the PR people. We would need their help.

The competition for the account was heated, so much so that we were obliged to discourage some agencies from going to the expense of developing prototype ad campaigns. We finally settled on three firms we would invite to bid on the account. We arranged to meet all three at New York's Ritz-Carlton Hotel in a lavish, \$650-a-day suite that seemed big enough to have its own ZIP code—corporate credibility was paramount. Here they would sit down with Bob Jansen, president of Bunny Burgers™ Inc., and billionaire Hidehiko Takada. "Jansen" was in fact one of the authors of this article, whose smarmy demeanor would stand him in good stead in his new guise as a corporate frontman; Takada was actually an actor and sushi chef whose specialty is catering for synagogues. To ensure that Mr. Takada would not tip our hand, we gave him two instructions: (1) Speak very little English, and speak it

badly; (2) Don't convey any emotion.

Decamped in the corner of a glorious room overlooking Central Park were a pair of cages containing our two live corporate mascots: Bigwig and The General. Bigwig was a long-eared French Lop rabbit; The General was generic-looking, with ears of a more traditional, almost conservative length. (The significance of this difference in ear sizes would soon become apparent.)

The first to arrive was a charming woman in her forties from a Manhattan PR firm. (Charming but, it turned out, a little hysterical; she was the only PR professional we contacted who subsequently insisted on anonymity for the purposes of this article.) Her face wore an expression of low-key cognitive dissonance; she was clearly a bit discomfited by the notion of representing our kind of company. However, as a general philosophical defense of her and her peers, it is important to remember that by the very nature of their profession, they are constantly required to represent clients seeking to market stupid, tasteless and even immoral products. In a free society, everyone has a right to be heard, and it is the sacred trust of the PR professional to make sure everyone is.

"It's new and it's different, and Americans like novel kinds of products," she began enthusiastically. She had come prepared to pitch the account: "I think what you want to do is have an *event*. We want to bring the top food editors to a luncheon. It's important to get the word *rabbit* out there," she added. "We want to see a lot more recipes from the food writers on rabbit....It has to be really a comprehensive campaign where you're doing a lot of education as well." And in her view, the campaign had every chance of enormous success if we could project a classy, upscale image—unlike, say, Popeye's. "Americans," she said of Bunny Burgers™, "love anything that's *chic*."

Eager to determine whether our product would meet contemporary standards of chicness, we unveiled a dozen eye-catching Styrofoam Bunny Burgers™ serving boxes, each sporting our logo and containing a sesame-seed bun. Each also contained a chunky pair of pink Styrofoam bunny ears, which sprang up into the diner's face as the container was opened. The PR woman was impressed by the packaging, although her true feelings were betrayed by the manner in which she clutched her briefcase to her chest. A consummate professional, she put

Executive PR prankster Alfred Siesel, left, expresses trepidation over possible conflict with another famous bunny-based trademark.



to us the important questions that any nutritionally minded consumer might ask: "What are you using in your Bunny Burger?"

"We're not using bunny *stretcher* or anything like that," Jansen replied crisply. "It's *real bunny*."

"A hundred percent?"

"Yeah."

She listened thoughtfully as Jansen expounded his Corporate Imaging Theory, which differentiated between a "deflective" restaurant chain like McDonald's, which seeks to steer the consumer's thoughts away from the creature being eaten (by using a clown rather than a cow as its mascot), and a "reflective" chain like Bunny Burgers™, which *celebrates* the creature it plans to slaughter and serve on a bun.

"What we want to do is talk about how rabbit is as delicious as chicken, and even more tasteful," our PR expert volunteered. We especially liked her presumptuous use of *we*. Then Jansen explained why the company did not make Bunny Burgers™ out of jackrabbits: "We

don't have jackrabbits, because you pay for a rabbit by the pound—you see the size of the ears on a jackrabbit? You're paying for two and a half extra pounds of ear meat."

"Right," she said knowingly.

Throughout this conversation, Takada maintained an enigmatic silence, only occasionally surprising us by making irrelevant references to his experiences as an amateur chef back in Osaka.

Our next interviewee was Alfred Siesel, the likable president of the New York branch of the Anthony M. Franco PR firm. (Franco himself was once president of the Public Relations Society of America but had resigned after he was accused by the SEC of insider trading in the stock of a company he was representing. We selected this firm because we figured it could use the business.)

Siesel demonstrated a surefooted command of the nuances of the rabbit-meat-marketing industry and of trademark law. "It's a fascinating product, and the public-relations potential is *enormous*," he said, but

"would it interfere with the trademark of Playboy?" This was one thing we had never considered. Nor had we contemplated the potentially disastrous PR black eye that would have resulted from using our ecologically retrograde Styrofoam containers. Siesel didn't mince words: He told us we would have to lose our packaging and replace it with something more biodegradable. He also suggested we preempt media criticism of our new product through the establishment of a rabbit-information clearinghouse.

We played Siesel a tape of our professionally produced jingle, complete with a chorus of cheerful backup singers: "Ooh, yummy yummy, got bunny in my tummy,/It's a Bunny Burger taste sensation (bunny!)/Kinda like chicken, kinda like roast beef,/Pledge allegiance to the Bunny Burger nation,/They love it in France,/Come on and give it a chance:/Bunny Burger!" (To hear the Bunny Burgers™ jingle, call 212-633-8522.)

Siesel impressed us by his upbeat observation that "there were three Bunny Burger credits in that tape." Two mentions would have been insufficient; four would have been too many, he concluded.

Throughout all this, Takada maintained an enigmatic silence, then he suddenly let loose a barrage of broken English—Americans may be squeamish about eating bunnies, he said, "but we change their brains." (Sometime after falling for our Bunny Burgers™ prank, Siesel left Franco.)

Next up was Tony Staffieri, a bouncy, outgoing man who runs Savvy Management in Manhattan. He was much taken with our carrot-fries concept ("*Carrot fries! Now, there is something wonderful*") but didn't think it was a good idea to keep live rabbits on display in the restaurant. Staffieri immediately addressed the key issue of restaurant-staff attire: "How are the people going to be dressed behind the counter? The natural is ears! Obvious. The natural is ears." He listened patiently as Jansen mused that per-



Bunny Burgers™ and carrot fries at the focus group; right, the group confronts bunny ears.



haps we should open the flagship restaurant on Easter Sunday. That way, we could directly confront the public's lingering namby-pamby attitude toward the consumption of what were, after all, nothing more than troublesome rodents.

Throughout all this, Takada maintained an enigmatic silence, only occasionally making irrelevant references to his experiences as an amateur chef back in Osaka.

Staffieri sidestepped the issue of the optimal timing for the grand opening but beamed, "They're going to go *crazy* for this in California! Do you know why? They have a *rabbit problem* in California." But he suggested that before opening our first-phase stores, we try Bunny Burgers™ on focus groups.

PHASE II

THE FOCUS GROUP

Would the public share the excitement of the PR community for eating creatures heretofore associated with post-Lenten celebrations? We hired market researchers Penn & Schoen to recruit a demographically diverse focus group. In making its choices, the company agreed to apply the same rigorous screening criteria it would normally use for clients like Texaco or Philip Morris.

Penn & Schoen paid eight Americans from various walks of life to convene in a midtown conference room and discuss the pros and cons of eating Bunny Burgers™ while being secretly watched and recorded from behind a two-way mirror by the authors. At first, the group had no idea what new product they were being asked to review. They knew only that they were being paid \$50 to be frank. The trained group leader, Mark Penn, started off slowly, posing general questions about the images conjured up when the word *bunny* was heard. This elicited such predictable comments as "Bugs Bunny" and "Peter Cottontail" but also the somewhat more recherché "Thumper."

Penn then posed a series of hypothetical questions about the eating habits of the group: "You're on a



Clockwise from top left, at the mall, our mascot importunes a customer; mallies recoil at real rabbit amid ground faux brethren; the ears frighten a suburbanite; critic Mike Alino disapproves.



desert island, and there are only two things to eat: bunnies and snails. Which would you eat?"

"Snails," they said, as one.

"Bunnies or squid?"

"Squid." It was unanimous.

"Suppose now that the bunny meat were ground into a patty? Suppose it were a bunny burger?"

"*Bunny burger!*" several people exclaimed, as the mood in the room turned ugly. They were appalled.

A cart loaded with what appeared to be authentic Bunny Burgers™—actually ground turkey meat with applesauce garnish—was

wheeled into the room. The burgers were still packed in their ecologically noxious Styrofoam containers, accompanied by heaping portions of carrot fries.

TECHNICAL NOTE

When attempting to dupe people into allowing you to solicit their deepest feelings for \$50, always begin by announcing the imminent arrival of heaping portions of refreshments.

After recovering from their initial shock when the spring-loaded pink bunny ears leapt up at their startled faces, a few of the focus-group members gingerly began nibbling. One—

a large fellow who did not appear to have missed many meals in his lifetime—wolfed down a burger, but his response was distinctly uncharacteristic of the group. More typical was the reaction of a middle-aged woman who, after a valiant struggle to take a first bite, immediately spat it out, declaring, “You know what it is? It’s the *thought* of what it is—I *can’t*.”

“This could easily be the Edsel of the food industry,” sneered another shocked consumer. And a professorial man, visibly shaken by the proceedings, refused even to open his box. “You’ll have armies of kids trying to burn down the Bunny Burger place,” he said.

PHASE III THE MALL

But *would* we have armies of kids trying to burn down Bunny Burgers™ outlets? And if so, would they be in New Jersey? Determined to answer this question, we rented an empty storefront in the American Way Mall on Route 46 in Fairfield. We installed a garish pink backdrop and large hucksterish signs and hired a pair of gangly postadolescents to pass out free Bunny Burgers™, requiring them to don fey, demeaning pink costumes complete with foot-high pop-up rabbit ears (as one of our PR consultants had helpfully suggested).

TECHNICAL NOTE

When attempting to bait the public with a highly dubious enterprise, always have some members of the staff wear demeaning, eye-catching attire. Jaded shoppers are always impressed by employees’ willingness to humiliate themselves.

We ordered in scores of ground-turkey-meat burgers. And to make absolutely sure the public took note of us, we hired Rapid T. Rabbit (né Richard Concepcion of Queens), who tries to make a living by hopping around in a six-foot-tall bunny costume at mall openings.

Our bogus Bunny Burgers™ district manager, clad in the requisite managerial blazer, then began offering free samples of our product to passersby, whose enthusiasm was

somewhat diminished by the presence of several cute, furry but implicitly doomed rabbits caged in front of the store. Yet despite their apprehension, the public heeded our clarion call. During the course of the day, we served more than 100 Bunny Burgers™, and it is a measure of the troubled times in which we live that even though most people were manifestly horrified by our product, quite a few of them actually managed to eat it.

Opinions regarding its precise taste varied widely. “It’s kind of like eating your dog,” said one woman. Others likened the experience to eating chicken, liver, reindeer meat and Nutri-System. Still others described the taste in a more poetic, visceral fashion.

“Nasty,” volunteered a man who looked like a recovering Allman Brothers roadie. “*Really* nasty.”

Several mall patrons refused even to countenance the idea of tasting the Bunny Burgers™. “You guys are *sick!*” yelled a girl of 16 as she stormed off—perhaps, we thought, to recruit an army of her peers to burn down the place. But her reaction was tepid compared with that of one Mike Alino, a local high school teacher. Fuming with the kind of old-fashioned populist rage that seems to have gone out of style, Alino blasted every facet of the Bunny Burgers™ operation.

“Who dreamed up this name?” demanded Alino. “It’s like—it’s like trying to sell *Bambi* burgers, you know?” He elaborated: “This is like killing the Easter rabbit, or like killing Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. *You don’t do this.*”

What did he think we should have called the chain instead?

“Something that didn’t have such an emotional association,” he replied. “Like, maybe, Rabbit Steaks. *Don’t call them bunnies!* Call them...herbivores or something.”

Pressed for specifics about his emphatic attitude toward Bunny Burgers™, Alino barked, “I get turned off right away. Poor little bunnies bein’ ground up....They’re

cute little things. It’s not like cows.”

“That’s disgusting,” agreed a woman standing a few feet away. “That’s a *pet*, not something to *eat*.”

“Well, there’s going to be a chain of these all across the country,” our *faux* middle manager cheerfully informed her.

She looked startled and clutched her stomach.

“*Why?*”

WHY, INDEED. FOR IN OUR INVESTIGATION of the world of fast-food marketing, we discovered a yawning chasm between the enthusiasm of our PR professionals and the outright, unapologetic disgust of the dining public.

“Even though we got people to take the first bite, they really wouldn’t take a second or third bite,” was the solemn verdict of focus-group organizer Mark Penn, who has previously worked for Ted Kennedy’s presidential campaign and Ed Koch. “Scientifically, we tried the concept on them, we tried the reality on them, and most people didn’t like either. As well as we could package it, as well as we could add sauce to it, they just didn’t like it.” His conclusion: “Clearly, if someone tried to go forward with Bunny Burgers™, they would have picketers, protesters, riots outside the Bunny Burgers™ stands, and so the product couldn’t make it.”

Did Ray Kroc cave in to the naysayers at the dawn of fast food? Did Dave Thomas abandon the Wendy’s dream just because he was a latecomer to the business? Colonel Sanders was a pioneer, too. The dream lives. Didn’t one of our PR advisers emphasize that the public would love Bunny Burgers™ in California? We had tested the concept only in the New York–New Jersey region. And we can still hear the thrilling, affirmative words of one venturesome mall shopper, a man of about 30 who looked up beseechingly after biting into his first Bunny Burger. “Uh,” he asked, “can I take a couple home?”

Is There a Rapist in the House?

A
WILLIAM
KENNEDY
SMITH
FOLLOW-UP
INVESTIGATION

Last winter, a jury in West Palm Beach acquitted William Kennedy Smith of raping Patricia Bowman.

As a result, Smith is free to play with his puppy, to practice medicine and, if the past is any guide, to treat more women pretty much exactly the same way Patricia Bowman said he treated her. SPY has learned of more than a dozen women who have said Smith raped them, attacked them or otherwise affronted them sexually. We have looked into these reports, and the chart on the following pages reflects the findings of our two-month-long investigation. The incidents took place over the last ten years, up and down the Eastern Seaboard. We have omitted particular names and dates and locations to protect the identities of the women involved, but we can say they include friends, schoolmates and casual acquaintances of Smith's, and even an older woman

by Susan Lehman

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE



close to Smith's mother. The stories these women tell—and the depositions given by the three women who were not allowed to testify in Palm Beach—are all strikingly similar; they all bear an uncanny resemblance to the story told by Patricia Bowman. Coincidence? You decide.

When asked to comment on these findings, Smith's lawyer, Roy Black, dismissed them as "a lot of copycat claims." Many of those who allege they've had a run-in with young Will, as Black called him, were too frightened to talk about it; they worried about the

consequences of angering a powerful family. Others whom young Will is alleged to have attacked are friends of the Kennedys', and some of these women remained silent out of respect for that relationship, particularly since Willie's mother, Jean Kennedy Smith, is by all accounts a kind and decent woman. And others held back because they believed they would be condemned for the drinking, coke-snorting and run-of-the-mill kissing that preceded their misadventures with Willie. Silence has proved potentially rewarding for at least one Kennedy intimate who has information about young Will's behavior. More than a year ago, this friend asked the family for help in funding a project of his, but he heard nothing back. Last fall, when the Kennedys learned he might have information useful to the Palm Beach prosecutor, they suddenly sought him out and began talking about making a generous contribution.

The typical impromptu date with young Will unfolds like this: He and the woman are old friends, or they meet at a party at which he seems very nice and trustworthy; he finds some pretext for them to be alone (astonishingly often, this pretext involves water and getting naked); they are drunk or high; sudden-

ly, young Will assaults the woman as if he had undergone a Jekyll-into-Hyde personality change. This pattern is well known to the people in the Kennedy circle. When someone close to the Kennedys heard a woman express shock at the charges against Willie, he said to her, "You

One close friend of the Kennedys' explains Willie this way: "It's pretty obvious that he did it. Willie is one of those guys who, when they drink, turn into a different guy."

obviously have never been alone in the same room with the guy." Indeed, one old friend of Smith's says, "Willie, if you were alone in a room with him, he thought that meant you wanted to have sex with him."

Another woman who knows Smith says, "He's very charming and fraternal, and then, *boom*, he's different....He acts like, 'I heard you were such a slut.'" A close friend of the family's explains Willie this way: "It's pretty obvious that he did it. Willie is one of those guys who, when they drink, turn into a different guy." One friend of young Will's from school says he led two lives. He always had a girlfriend, whom he kept "sort of like a watch fob," this woman told SPY. "She was good-looking, came from a nice family; she was the one he was with in public, the one he took home with him during vacations. Then he'd have affairs with all these other people, people who did a lot of drugs and stuff. It was weird seeing these two sides of his life, the seamy side and the side he presented to the world—you never really knew which was the real thing. It was kind of scary."

For Patricia Bowman, things got kind of scary in Palm Beach last Easter weekend, and while Smith convinced the jury that he might not be guilty, his troubles aren't over. According to a Kennedy friend, the family was waiting for the publicity to die down and the trial to end, and now that it has, the friend says ominously, "Willie will be dealt with within the Kennedy family."

The Women	The Nice Guy	The Setup	The Rough Stuff	The Outcome
Patty Bowman's testimony	"He was a very nice man."	They met at a party; she was from out of town. Willie offered to let her stay in his parents' guest room. At his parents' house, Willie offered her a drink, "and he had a drink [and] another drink."	She ran away. He tackled her. "I was trying to get out from underneath him 'cause he was crushing me....He slammed me back on the ground."	"He raped me. I was screaming, 'No!'...He told me to 'stop it, bitch.'"
No. 1	Willie was her boyfriend's cousin. He seemed like a nice guy.	They met at a party. She understood that people were going to a pool party later at the Smiths' house, and the two drove there. Willie took off his clothes and went swimming. No one else showed up.	While showing her the guest room, Willie "assaulted me....He grabs me about the shoulders and pushes me backwards....and he landed on top of me....I was pinned underneath him....He put his hand very forcefully on my breasts." After she protested, Willie stopped. Then "it happened again...the same way but more violently."	She yelled. He stopped and apologized. He said it would never happen again.
No. 2	"He seemed quiet, very nice, gentlemanly."	They met at a party. She understood that people were going to a pool party later at the Smiths' house, and the two drove there. Willie took off his clothes and went swimming. No one else showed up.	She prepared to leave, but Willie grabbed her around both wrists "and threw me over the back edge of the couch, and I landed on the floor....He was lying on top of me. He tried to kiss me on the face, neck." He held her down.	She persuaded him to let her go. He asked whether she wanted to see the upstairs, because it was "really neat." She declined and left.

<p>“He’s Willie—he’s my friend, like a big brother.”</p>	<p>They were at a party. Willie offered to take her home. Instead of driving to her house, however, he took her to his. She was very drunk. Willie offered her a bong hit. She declined. She desperately wanted to go to sleep. He got into bed with her.</p>	<p>They were at a party at her house, with lots of cocaine and liquor.</p>	<p>He followed her into her room and kind of lingered. She told him to leave. He continued to linger. Suddenly, he threw her on the bed and held her there and was preparing to have sex with her. She screamed.</p>		<p>In bed, Willie took off all his clothes and started kissing her; she told him to stop. “I remember just thinking, <i>Ugh</i>... Then it became more aggressive, like a Jekyll and Hyde.... Then he started to get very forceful.... I was struggling... and I said <i>no</i>.... He was, like, pushing me down with his weight; he had his weight on top of me, his whole body on top of me.”</p>		<p>“He just sort of did it, you know?”</p>	
			<p>They were at a party. Willie suggested they go upstairs to a private party. There was no private party.</p>		<p>A roommate opened the door and said she was going to call the police. Willie left.</p>		<p>She got away.</p>	
<p>They were friends. They were at a party.</p>	<p>Willie offered her a ride home. He stopped at his house on the way; he said he’d only be a minute. He offered her a drink. He undressed and got into the Jacuzzi. She sat there drinking and thinking how weird it was.</p>	<p>They went to a hotel bar and had a drink. They went up to the suite. There was no private party.</p>	<p>Out of the blue, he tackled her to the ground.</p>		<p>He took her home.</p>		<p>She concluded that it was easier to let him have sex with her than to fight.</p>	
			<p>He underwent a complete personality change. He jumped her and pinned her down.</p>		<p>She did not swim. She insisted she had to go home, and he took her.</p>		<p>She screamed, Stop! If you fuck me, I’ll hate you. He stopped briefly, then they had sex.</p>	
<p>They were friends. They were at a party.</p>	<p>They were making out.</p>	<p>They went out for dinner and had a pleasant evening.</p>	<p>He just assaulted her.</p>		<p>He raped her.</p>		<p>She broke some fingers.</p>	
			<p>They were at a dinner party at his mother’s house and were leaving at the same time. Willie offered to take her home. He asked whether he could come in and use her phone.</p>		<p>They began smooching in the hall. Willie lost control.</p>		<p>She was admitted to the hospital for her injuries.</p>	
<p>They were going out.</p>	<p>They were at his mother’s house with another friend.</p>	<p>She was staying up late with Willie and another Kennedy doing cocaine.</p>	<p>They had a fight. Willie pulled her hair, hit her and threw her down a flight of stairs.</p>		<p>She screamed until others arrived.</p>		<p>“I said, ‘<i>Ooob</i>, that’s not what I want.’” He stopped.</p>	
			<p>Willie made a pass. When she refused to do anything, he beat her up.</p>		<p>When the others left, Willie suddenly leapt up, tried to kiss her and then pinned her down on the bed, banging her head in the process.</p>		<p>“He lunged at me—it was very sudden. He pinned me on the bed.”</p>	
<p>She was a friend of the family’s.</p>	<p>They were hanging out in a hotel room drinking with other members of the Kennedy family.</p>	<p>After a party at her house, Willie followed her into her room.</p>	<p>“He lunged at me—it was very sudden. He pinned me on the bed.”</p>		<p>“I said, ‘<i>Ooob</i>, that’s not what I want.’” He stopped.</p>		<p>“I said, ‘<i>Ooob</i>, that’s not what I want.’” He stopped.</p>	
			<p>“He lunged at me—it was very sudden. He pinned me on the bed.”</p>		<p>“I said, ‘<i>Ooob</i>, that’s not what I want.’” He stopped.</p>		<p>“I said, ‘<i>Ooob</i>, that’s not what I want.’” He stopped.</p>	

*From sworn deposition

...And Now, Something for the Ladies

Willie Smith, This Patent's for You

Willie Smith may still be on the loose, but that doesn't mean he must remain a threat to the women who cross his path. Anyone who has properly equipped herself with some of the life-style options on file at the United States Patent Office will have nothing to fear.

Patent No. 4,016,875, for the "**Penis Locking and Lacerating Vaginal Insert**," was granted in April 1977 to Alston Levesque, who appears to have pioneered the Veg-o-Matic approach to assault prevention. The device consists of a metal ring housing spring-loaded, penis-humbling blades, which are activated when an unwelcome intruder attempts to withdraw. "With this device in her possession," Levesque creepily understates in the patent's explanatory text, "a woman may feel secure that...a male becoming intimate with her...shall not receive pleasure from the experience."

More punishing is Charles Barlow's effort (**Patent No. 4,167,183**, "**Anti-Rape Device**"; September 11, 1979), a tube insert containing "elongated penis penetrating means"—in this case, three tiny reed spears with barbed tips. These make it impossible for the stunned attacker to simply howl in agony for half a month or so, heal, and go on to attack again. "The harpoon-like end of the element buries itself in the intruding penis with the result that withdrawal of the penis causes the entire device to be withdrawn from the vaginal cavity with the penis solidly impaled on the element." Thus, writes the unflinching Barlow, "it is expected that medical assistance will normally be required to remove the element from the penis of [the attacker]....The attending physician can readily identify [him] as a rapist and so inform the appropriate law enforcement agency."

Joel D. Rumph and Lynda K. Warren have invent-

ed a more humane gizmo (**Patent No. 4,237,876**; December 9, 1980). Their device contains a hypodermic needle that would KO the offender with a "rape-detering fluid." Rumph and Warren propose several safe anesthetics and skin irritants—such as chloral hydrate or formic acid—as appropriate disabling agents, but they warn that "fluid should be strong enough to cause overpowering results, preferably unconsciousness in the rapist or at least such instant concern for his penis that the rape will terminate instantly."

A would-be rapist who is experiencing instant concern for his penis is not a happy would-be rapist. Is there a way to fend off an attacker, one wonders, without arousing his homicidal impulse? Canadian Harry E. Bouwhuis thinks so. His solution is an exciting patent for chain-mail women's under-

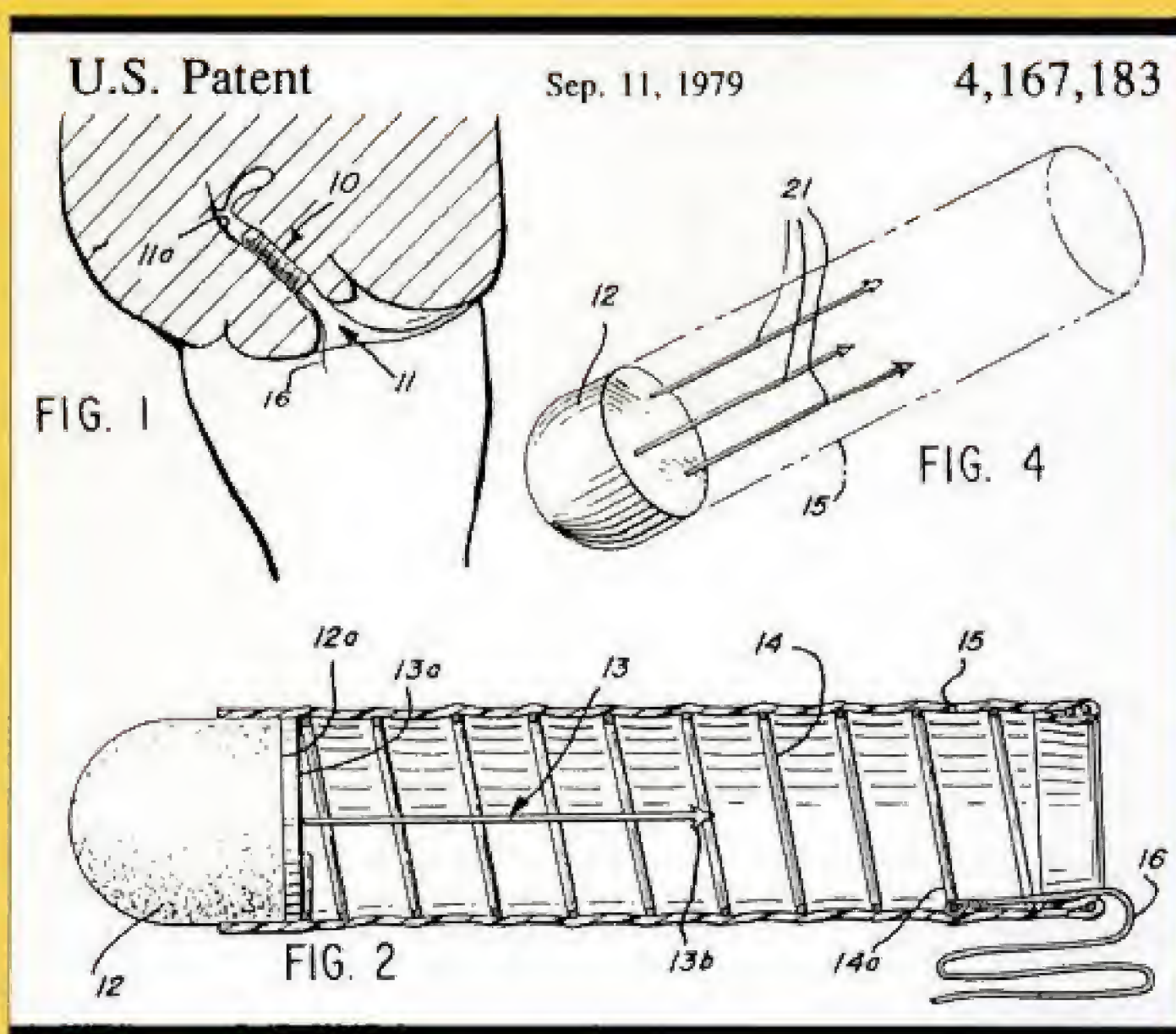
wear (**Patent No. 4,599,751**, "**Protective Undergarment**"; July 15, 1986). These medieval panties are secured by a locking waistband. "The pants cannot thereafter be removed from the wearer's body in the absence of a key without the use of tools normally not carried by persons intent upon sexual attack." Unless that person is a locksmith on his way home from a job.

Fine ideas all. Why aren't they

vended throughout the land? It's hard to say. Efforts to reach the inventors were unavailing. No doubt they were home-shop amateurs who failed to entice manufacturers with their ideas. That's the bad news. The good news is that since the inventors have disappeared without a trace, they are unlikely to sue for infringement, so it's probably safe for weekend tinkerers to build these devices in the basement.

Test at your own risk.

—Alex Heard

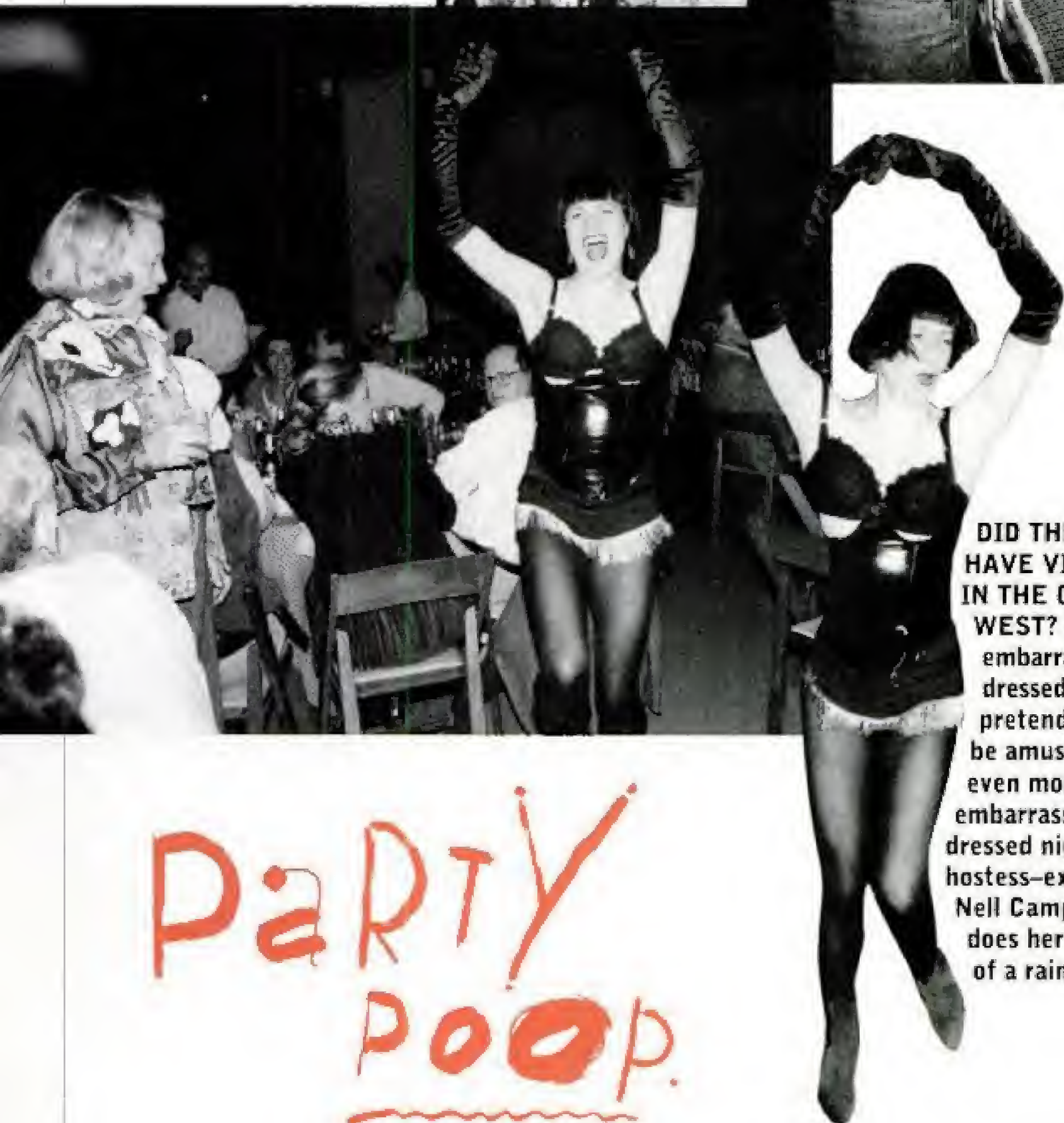


DANCES WITH WOLVES, THE GALA "I was frisked by Liz Smith and survived!"

Normally clothed pundit and playwright Roger Rosenblatt at the annual cowboy-themed benefit for Literacy Volunteers of New York City.



For some, there's the Peace Corps; for some, there's volunteer work; and for some, there's making a spectacle of yourself by having foods ostensibly baked by celebrities lobbed toward your mouth at charity events. At the Waldorf, Robin Leach and rich person Mary Lou Whitney do their bit.



DID THEY HAVE VINYL IN THE OLD WEST? While embarrassingly dressed onlookers pretend to be amused, the even more embarrassingly dressed nightclub hostess-exhibitionist Nell Campbell does her version of a rain dance.



The full-body mug shot is fast becoming the preferred pose for women of a certain age whose lifework has become figure maintenance. At a recent Beverly Hills gala, relatively well preserved actress Raquel Welch and somewhat less well preserved newlywed Elizabeth Taylor demonstrate.



PARTY POOP.



THE COMPANY THEY KEEP
*From top, ultra-long-lasting seventies guy Rod Stewart leaves New York's Amazon Village nightclub with paid beefy companions; bad-haircut victim Mick Jagger, having karate-chopped his paid beefy companion, deplanes; Eric Clapton takes a stroll with paid beefy companions; Andrew Stein supporter Frank Sinatra in Atlantic City with uniformed beefy companions; at the *Bugsy* premiere, Warren Beatty with lean but universally loathed publicist Peggy Siegal*



Classifieds

NOVELTY

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Vile Buddies

**Waugh and Buckley, Jagger and
Vanity Fair, Mailer and Oliver Stone**
by Humphrey Greddon

Not long ago, the *National Review* published an inanely tentative 40,000-word article by William F. Buckley Jr. entitled, as I remember it, "In Search of Anti-Semitism: What Christians Provoke What Jews? Why? By Doing What? What Does It Mean to the Jews?—And Vice Versa." Of course, this effort hardly left the speed-writing Buckley winded, and just after that essay appeared, he contributed a long front-page review of *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh and Diana Cooper* to the *New York Times* Book Review. Asking William Buckley to write about Evelyn Waugh is a little like asking Rupert Pupkin to write about Jerry Langford—as a Catholic, a conservative, a genuine Englishman instead of a fake one, and a good writer instead of a mediocre one, Waugh is Buckley's idol. Add a beautiful nob like Lady Diana Cooper as coauthor, and you can imagine Buckley's fit of praise while reviewing this book. He really went too far, however, when he tried to explain away his hero's desperate social climbing:

It has long been my own reading of Waugh that his delight in the festoonery of the titled class was merely a perverse aspect of his resentful co-optation by a populist history-on-the-march that disregarded the forms he revered: in religion, the old Roman Catholic Church; in society, the standards of decorum and behavior that marked, if not so much the separation of classes, the acknowledgment of the idea of class. That the upper classes had long since lost any meritocratic credentials he seldom paused to notice.

When you or I fawn over the grand-

son of a duke, it's because we're pathetic snobs; when Evelyn Waugh does so, it's because of a *perverse aspect of his resentful co-optation by a populist history-on-the-march*. Sure. A simple oath occurs to one as a response to Buckley's casuistic argument, and it is not "Festoonery!"

When I think of Edmonton, Alberta, I think of Gretzky, moose and the latest fashions in literary criticism. Theoretical sophistication has become so common there that in the *Edmonton Journal* even a review of *Scarlett* actually contained the words *metafictional*, *false doubles*, *postmodernist pastiche*, *intertextual* and *phallogentric*. Meanwhile, over in Saskatoon they're probably saying, "Paul De Man, eh? He was a Nazi, eh?"

In *Entertainment Weekly*, L. S. Klepp gave Allen Kurzweil's *A Case of Curiosities* a great review and a grade of A. We cannot question this evaluation, except to wonder if a book that "reads as if it had been composed on Mount Parnassus by a committee that included Fielding,

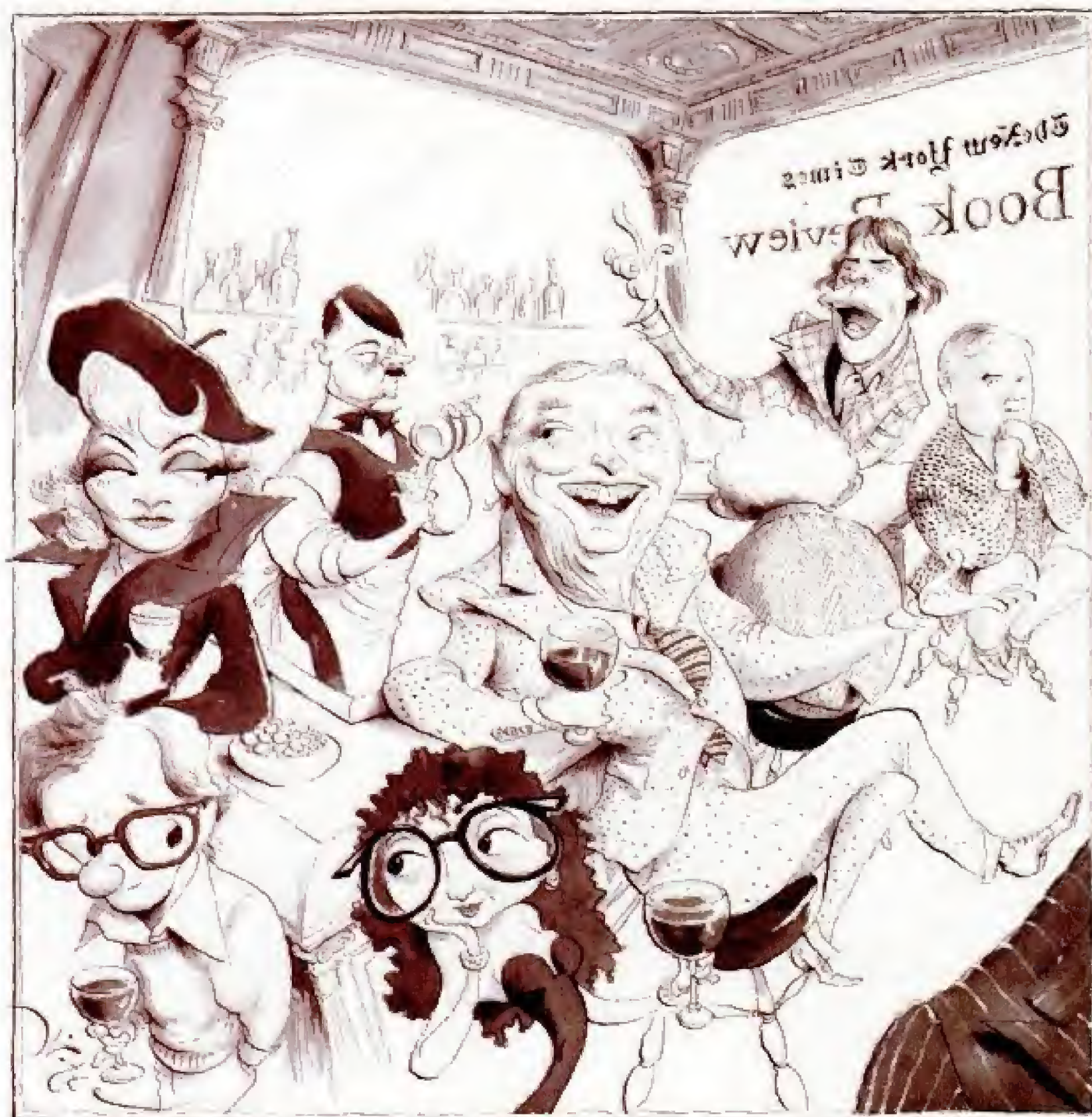


Illustration by Michael Witte

Thackeray, Voltaire, Nabokov and Calvino" might not have merited an A+. What would—a book written by Fielding, Thackeray, Voltaire, Nabokov, Calvino and Gretzky? The review also says that "Kurzweil escorts us into an era...when people began to shape their lives in terms of their own imagination," which makes it sound as if Napoléon had attended visualization workshops.

Joyce Carol "the Hammer" Oates is back writing about boxing. In *Newsweek* she made the interesting point that boxing "celebrates, not meekness, but flamboyant aggression." In *The New York Review of Books* she said that the Ali-Frazier fights were "the mystic's dark night of the soul, transmogrified as a brutal meditation of the body."

And on the undercard, Saint Theresa.

Stephen Schiff is *Vanity Fair's* critic-at-large, so instead of simply reading about Jade's boyfriends and other cool stuff in his recent profile of Mick Jagger, we have to endure such Schiff-thoughts as "Before Mick Jagger, sexual iconography had reached a point that was both apotheosis and dead end" and "Movie actors need to be able to let the audience inside." Jagger's "slipperiness," he writes, "is maddening, but it also strikes me as an honorable and sometimes even heroic way to handle the consequences of...stardom." I suspect Mick Jagger cares as much about whether Stephen Schiff thinks he is honorable or heroic as L. S. Klepp's friend Napoléon does. Schiff also nonchalantly mentions his tightness with the players working on an upcoming album; he writes that "the boys in the band trade the sort of media-savvy jokes that are the universal language of working musicians." I would like to hear one of these jokes: In my experience, bassists rarely make knowing cracks about Diane Sawyer. (And anyway, I thought music was the

universal language.) How does Schiff describe Mick's voice? "All candied resentment." His grin? "All klieg lights and swinging limo doors." His sex-symbolism? "All chilly irony and alienation." His voice when he talks to his children? "All fatherly and bright." Elvis? "All tensile stillness." And VF's critic-at-large? All-at-sea.

Schiff's colleague in VF's At-Large Department (it's located between Promotion and Fact-Checking) is Norman Mailer, the magazine's writer-at-large. In the same issue in which Schiff's Mick Jagger profile appeared, Mailer wrote about Oliver Stone's *JFK*, and while making the predictable excuses for Stone—"tragedies of this dimension can be approached only as myths"—Mailer

writes something that causes me to worry for him:

For what is obsession but a black hole in our psychic space, a zone of ambiguity into which our energies flow and do not return? A nearer example to many of us: when a marriage ends in uncertainty and neither mate knows within who is more at fault for the divorce, then an obsession has commenced. One goes back again and again to the question: Was one more right than wrong, or more wrong than right?

Mailer has five ex-wives (and a current wife who once dated Bill Clinton)—no wonder he can't concentrate on his work.

The *Times* Book Review is not just a fairly dull and middlebrow compendium of book-chat but also a cozy bar. Lewis Burke Frumkes began his review of Lewis Grizzard's *You Can't Put No Boogie-Woogie on the King of Rock and Roll* like this: "Never having met Lewis Grizzard before, I'd like to take this opportunity to say hello to him. Hi, Lewis, how are you doing? It's good to meet you here in the pages

of The New York Times Book Review, which is one of the great places to meet and have a conversation." *Tell me, Miss Oates, do you come here often?*

Writing about the artistic pair McDermott and McGough in *New York*, Kay Larson observes, "In photography, they can easily acquire the technical apparatus...that gives their visual fiction that extra soupçon of frisson." *Zut alors!*—I thought a little shiver like a frisson already came in small doses. Larson ends her review with this paragraph:

M&M sell the simulation—or the subconscious kitsch—of originality. They even wear painters' smocks and use easels and palettes, like artists in an opera. They are men, of course, deliberately barricaded into a world without women. (Practically speaking.) Perhaps that's why I don't want to board their train.

Surely someone at *New York*, of all places, can recommend to Ms. Larson a qualified psychoanalyst to whom she may free-associate.

Graham Fuller of *Interview* was thinking about trains in his review of the movie *Zentropa*: "It was said of Adolf Hitler that he made the Reich's trains run on time." Actually, Hitler didn't make the trains run on time—that was Il Duce's accomplishment; but the staff at *Interview* probably thinks Il Duce is a restaurant in TriBeCa. Fuller makes another hugely embarrassing mistake in this review: He uses the word *jejune*. This adjective has been outlawed ever since Woody Allen mocked it in *Love and Death*, and Fuller doesn't seem even to know what it means. In *Zentropa*, he writes, actress Barbara Sukowa's "languid sexuality, her iconic posing, and her donning of [a] peaked cap recall the jejune Marlene Dietrich of *Shanghai Express*." He can't really mean jejune; *Interview* would never describe Dietrich as "insipid" and "devoid of substance or interest"—that would be like William Buckley calling Evelyn Waugh a reactionary phony. As for Napoléon, isn't that Il Duce's best dessert? ☛

**Asking William
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about Evelyn
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Rupert Pupkin
to write about
Jerry Langford**

Ethnicity Slickers

**What Do You Mean,
"We," Paleface?
by Roy Blount Jr.**

There it was in the paper: The chemical that "initiates a series of events that cause the penis to become engorged with blood and remain erect" is nitric oxide. No, not nitrous oxide, which makes people giggle—nitric oxide, which is "more familiar as a primary component of smog and acid rain."

I guess that puts the kibosh on the men's movement: Men are toxic at the very root! (When erect.) I bow to science. So now all I have to defend myself for being is a white person.

Let me stipulate that I am about as ethnically incorrect as can be: white southern and not even Anglo-Saxon. With Anglo-Saxon you at least get the earthy, pithy roots of our language and institutions (unless they have been bred out of you). Blount is originally a Norman name. My people have been in the wrong since Robin Hood.

But I have sense enough to admit it, unlike another class of white people, whom we might call OWNERS—Old-money WASP Northeastern Republicans. What OWNERS do is perpetuate insecurity among other groups, causing them to fix upon one another (but never, somehow, upon OWNERS) as scapegoats.

What did Bush do when he sank in the polls? Dumped his most visible non-OWNER, Lebanese American John Sununu. In itself this action was undoubtedly greeted by a grateful nation, but it raises a broader question: When an OWNER appoints someone of a different ethnicity, why does the OWNER so often find himself in a position to reflect, if only to himself, "It is so hard to get good help"?

One explanation, which bespeaks a bias that I, frankly, find congenial, is that not only are OWNERS the

wrong sort of people, but they also *know* the wrong sort. They know people of all ethnic stripes who are eager to hang around with OWNERS—Doters on Old-money WASP Northeastern Republicans, or DOWNERS.

By this reasoning, former Education secretary Lauro Cavazos and current Health and Human Services secretary Louis Sullivan and Interior secretary Manuel Lujan have been Bush's least effective Cabinet secretaries not because they are Hispanic or African American, but because they are the kind of Hispanic and African American appointees whom an OWNER would come up with.

OWNERS' idea of a leading black jurist is Clarence Thomas. Their idea of solid midwestern stock is Dan Quayle. Their idea of a Levantine political fixer is a New Hampshire Lebanese who wears his IQ on his sleeve and has a weakness for corpo-

rate perks. Who was bound, in other words, not to work out.

Of course Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady has failed abjectly to get us back on course to fiscal responsibility (you'd think an OWNER could do *that*), and White House counsel C. Boyden Gray issued a directive that would have rendered pointless the Civil Rights Act the president was about to sign. But these appointees are themselves OWNERS. Arrogance and political lameness are their birthright. You don't fire your own kind.

On the other hand, OWNERS do not stereotypically pass out in their own vomit at state dinners in Japan. What would people have said if Jimmy Carter had done that? That you can't take a cracker anywhere. So why don't we start saying that about OWNERS?

True, if the Japanese were as mannerly as they are supposed to be, all of them at that dinner would have passed out in *their* own vomit, to make Bush feel less awkward. But Japanese-bashing is too easy.

It is also too easy to pick on Patrick Buchanan. Buchanan would seem to sum up state-of-the-art ethnic bias with his remark that Englishmen would be easier than

Zulus for the people of Virginia to assimilate. What kind of Scotch-Irish Catholic finds the English so assimilable? For all of his Bush-bashing, Buchanan may be a DOWNER of the overcompensating closet (or perhaps the making-Bush-look-tolerant crypto-) variety.

One good thing about focusing all our ethnic animosities on OWNERS is that they are never out in the street where anyone bent on

violence can get at them. In fact, we may never be able to get them to believe that anyone actually looks down on them.

But we could try, we multicultural women and (chastened) men. ☾

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